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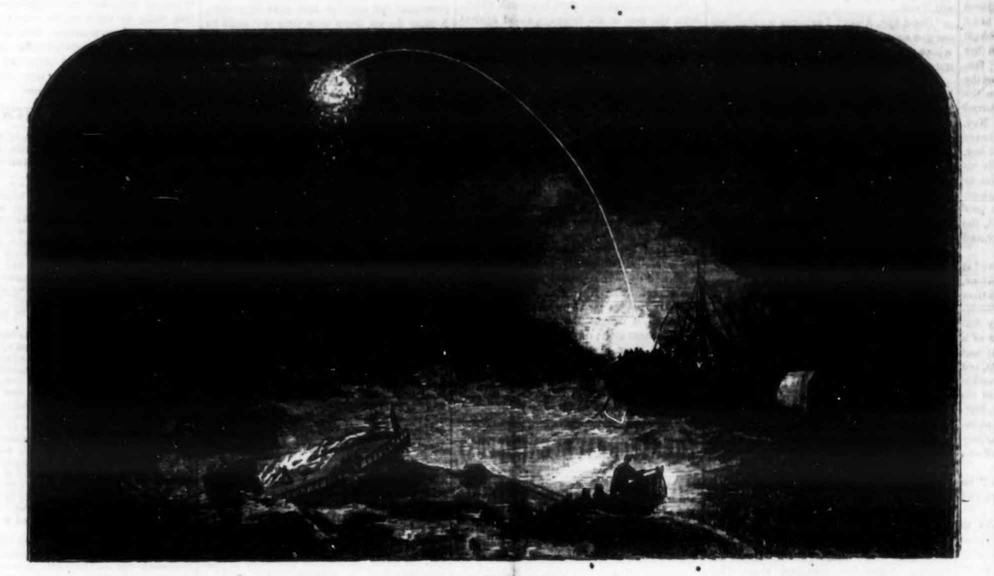

LOSS OF THE MONITOR.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from "Frank Leslie," represents the loss of the celebrated iron-clad, Monitor, and the gallant attempt of the officers and crew of the U. S. steamer Rhode Island, to rescue her crew. The Monitor went down off the stormy cape of Hatteras, at midnight of Tuesday, December 30 h.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

AT THE TRYSTING-PLACE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

The night comes dark and still,
  Without a star o'erhead,
For the sun went down at eventide
  In a cloud-bank purple and red.
The wind has gone to sleep
  In the drowsy woods, I ween,
For the river that hugs this violet bank,
  Is a sluggish glassy green.

The song of the whippowil
  In the woods is faint and low,
And in and out of the shining leaves,
  The fireflies come and go.
I have drawn the hood of my cloak
  Close down about my hair,
For I feel the mist of a coming rain
  Is gathering in the air.

What keeps you, Conner, asthore?
  I've waited an hour for you,
Till the violets drooped on their slender stems,
  And closed their eyes of blue,
Till, one by one, the lights
  Come out on the farther shore,
I'm sure to-night I could hear the sound
  Of your oars a mile or more.

Can it be that a foolish fear
  Is fluttering at my heart?
A leaf cannot fall from the trees o'erhead,
  But it makes me tremble and start.
Ah, there is a pleasant sound,
  The danger and doubt are past!
I hear his whistle across the waves,
  And the welcome oars at last.

COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

"Yes?" said Aunt Ruth, with kindling interest.

This important monosyllable was, in the mouth of this excellent lady, susceptible of an infinite variety and numberless gradations of meaning. Wooing encouragement; hearty and unequivocal assent; loving sympathy, lively curiosity and civil indifference, sometimes upon sufficient provocation; a mild species of sarcasm or contemptuous incredulity—all these were habitually expressed by the gentle spinster through the medium of the little word, defined by mistaken masculine lexicographers as "an affirmative particle, opposed to *no*." Opposed to "no," indeed! As if Aunt Ruth could not and did not make it make it mean "no"—and no uncertain negative, at that, every day of her life! She sat now in a well-cushioned Boston rocker, dressed in a gray merino, and a cap trimmed with dove-colored ribbons, swinging slowly to and forth, knitting a lamb's wool sock. Upon the other side of the round candle stand was her eldest nephew, Mr. Alexander Lay, yclept by his intimates and the community in general, "Aleck," lounging in lazy content against the stuffed back of a great easy-chair, covered with black leather, polished to shining sleekness by constant service during years. His nether limbs were supported by the brass fender, and a meerschaum was between his teeth. He was a fine-looking young fellow of four-and-twenty, with a well-developed, sinewy figure, black hair, and a beard, whose length, while it would have given an *outre* air to the visage of most men, was yet highly becoming to his bronzed complexion and marked physiognomy. He had arrived unexpectedly but three hours before, at his patrimonial mansion, after an absence of two years from his native land, most of which time he had spent in a German University.

"The neatest people upon the globe!" he had said, pursuing a description of a tour through Holland.

And Miss Ruth Massie, his maternal aunt, whose forte was housewifery, and who was famed, far and near, for the scrupulous cleanliness of her establishment, forgot the yawn lodged in her throat, provoked by his incidents of travel through Switzerland and Italy, and rejoined by the "particle" quoted above.

"I wished most for you when I visited Broek," continued the tourist. "The streets are scoured as frequently and carefully as you wash your plates and dishes; the iron railings enclosing the little patches of brick pavement they denominate door-yards, are ornamented by brass knobs, brought, by dint of diligent friction, to the brightness of mirrors, and the fronts of the houses are deluged every morning by jets of water from a hose or syringe. Not an atom of dust or a cobweb is anywhere visible. They even tie up the tails of the cows when they have combed and brushed them, lest they should trail upon the ground, and be afterwards accidentally used to brush their smooth sides."

"Yes?" Miss Ruth's eyes opened more widely.

"The chickens' nails are cleaned and pared each day, and I have heard, although I cannot vouch for the truth of *this* statement, that the hens' teeth are scrubbed at the same time, with a brush invented solely for this purpose."

"Yes!"

The "particle," this time, was equivalent to—"You don't tell me so! I never heard the like!"

"I felt sorry for the children," Aleck went on with the veracious narrative—"rosy, roly poly, pudding-faced Dutch babies that they were! Fancy a childhood—above all, a boyhood—passed in ignorance of the glories of paddling in mud puddles, with one's trowsers rolled above his knees, and the delight of manufacturing mud pies! I never longed, before or since, to be an instructor of youth, but I did covet the privilege of initiating the unfortunate little wretches into such practices as used to enrapture Robin's soul and mine!"

"I don't believe their mothers would have thanked you! I recollect the trouble you boys used to give me by such tricks."

Aleck laughed. "Don't bear malice, aunty, since we have put away childish things—more's the pity! But I was going to tell you about the Dutch girls. Such complexions! such roses and lilies! such plump dumplings of forms—suet dumplings you could not doubt! It made a fellow's mouth water to look at the angels!"

"Ah, yes!" Miss Ruth's slight nod heightened the significance of her arch, knowing tone. "Now you are coming to the point!" she meant to imply.

"Then, you should see them skate in winter! Ten or a dozen miles they fly down the canals to market, to sell their eggs and butter, and back again the same day. They have regular balls upon the ice. Shall I ever forget a day's sport upon skates, which I enjoyed with a blue-eyed beauty,—fleet of foot as a grey-hound; lips like cherries; cheeks like the sunny side of an apricot, and waist like a firm roll of butter! Ah, me! 'Joys that we've tasted!' That is one of the never-returning kind, I am afraid!"

"*The* one—was *she*?" interrogated Miss Ruth.

"One of them!" said the male coquette, heartlessly.

"Yes! yes!"

Which was, being interpreted—"Aleck! Aleck! you are a sad fellow!"

"Can't help it, aunty! If the girls will be fascinating, they must take the natural consequence of their behavior, and endure my devotion with the best grace they can."

"I thought you were going to bring her home to America with you?"

"I would have done so, assuredly, had I known that you desired it, and if I could have decided which 'her' you expected me to elect to that supreme felicity."

"Yes," said Miss Ruth, in affectionate ridicule of this conceited speech. "The 'her' I meant was that Gret, Gretna—or some such name you went crazy about, six months ago. It's queer I can't remember what you called her."

"Gretna Green, perhaps?" suggested Aleck, with praiseworthy gravity.

"You didn't mention her surname, but I think it more than likely that's the one—the beautiful German girl, whose singing and dancing you said had carried you into the seventh heaven—and all that sort of nonsense."

"Gretna Green is of Scotch extraction. Perhaps Gretchen was the word you could not recollect."

"Yes. Where is she?"

"I really cannot say. Probably married to some lager-loving Herr Von Something, making his sauer-kraut and brewing his beer. I have not thought of her, in five months, that I know of. I do remember, however, since you have alluded to the subject, that she was quite a pretty girl, and sang tolerably."

Aunt Ruth shook her head again—now, in sorrowful deprecation of the criminal trifling he avowed so carelessly.

"I was in hopes you meant to settle down for good and all! Not that I fancied overmuch your marrying a foreigner; and of the two girls you've spoken of, I'd rather you had brought home the Scotch than the Dutch."

"German!" corrected Aleck.

"It's all the same—ain't it? Aleck! what possesses you to smoke that dirty-looking pipe? Maybe you haven't noticed how the armbier is staining it through and through?"

"Aunt Ruth! I am ashamed of you! This is a genuine meerschaum, and cost more money than Robin could get for the best horse in his stable!"

"Yes? Let me see it!"

She inspected the shining black bowl, with its curious cloudy veins, and the curved stem.

"A *mere sham*—did you call it?"

"Yes, ma'am. There are so few of the real articles among the many that pass with the verdant purchasers for valuable, that the contemptuous title deserved by the counterfeit has gradually been applied to all. There's a moral in the fact, if you will take the pains to study it."

"It wants burning out badly!" said his aunt, disregarding his philosophizing, and handing back the vaunted "real article," with an unmistakeable contortion of the nose and upper lip. "It would be the sweeter, and so would your mouth, for that matter, if you would leave it under the black log there all night. I could caution Marthy to be careful not to crack or break it when she takes up the ashes to-morrow morning."

Managing his facial muscles with considerable difficulty, the fun-loving nephew explained that the discoloration she condemned was the prime beauty of the pipe, adding divers reminiscences—authentic, of course—of the high estimate set upon long-used and well-blackened meerschaums by discriminating Teutons.

"Reckon they are not such overly clean people after all!" was Miss Ruth's conclusion, enunciated with disdainful emphasis. "But seriously, my boy, what has become of this girl? not Miss Green—the other one! What broke off the match? You as good as told me you were going to marry her right off."

"I did! When and how?"

"In a letter, crammed from beginning to end with her praises, which you wrote me half a year ago."

"Ah! that was the end of the matter I fancy. The flame burned itself to ashes in that epistle. I cannot remember certainly what disenchanted me. I have an idea that it was Gretchen's immoderate fondness for cabbage in an advanced stage of decomposition—so-called sauer kraut."

"Yes!" Aunt Ruth sighed.

"You don't think that a sufficient cause for a breach of promise, I see," said her nephew, in pretended anxiety.

"I am afraid you will never marry, Aleck!"

"If I ever do, my wife's favorite dish shall be neither cabbage nor onions."

"You are as bad as Colonel Floyd! When he has bacon and cabbage for dinner, he won't allow Mrs. Floyd and the girls to come to the table. He says it is only fit for men to smell. Once in a while he has an old-fashioned neighbor there, to whom he wants to be polite, and since his rich friend must have the dish, it is prepared, and the ladies don't make their appearance until the cabbage is removed. I've heard though, that Helen will not submit to this nonsense since she came of age—that she will take her place at table and entertain the company in her aunt's absence."

"They are all well at Belleview, are they?" questioned Aleck, puffing away rather faster at his meerschaum.

"Yes."

Mr. Lay turned at the hesitating tone, enwrapping so much of mysterious meaning, and ominous of ill-tidings.

"Why, what's the matter there? Has anything gone wrong?"

"Nothing new—nothing but what has been wrong from the start, and that was more years ago than most people dream of. Only—from all I can gather from peoples' sly whispers—nobody dares say anything aloud—things are *looking* crookeder of late than they used to."

She stopped to count the rounds in her sock, preparatory to turning off the heel. Aleck said nothing, and seemed to watch the briskly-rising rings of smoke.

"This marriage is a serious business—one that is generally entered upon too carelessly," resumed Miss Massie, oracularly. "I don't know but you are right to be cautious about risking a chance in the lottery; but there are many worse faults in a wife or husband than a breath scented with cabbage or garlic. Colonel Floyd always reminds me of the men of old who used to tithe mint, anise and cinnamon, while they neglected the weightier matters of the law. If he had been as careful of his wife's property and happiness, and his childrens' real good, as he is to spare them a few trifling annoyances that nobody else would ever think of, they'd be better off in mind and estate. They say he gambles awfully—worse than ever—and that if half his debts were paid, he would not have a dollar or an acre of land left that he could call his own."

"Nobody is surprised at that I imagine. People have prophesied that for years past;—although, as you say, the real condition of his affairs may be more generally known, and spoken of more openly than it used to be," said Aleck.

Miss Ruth's needles rattled nervously against one another.

"Yes—but there's one thing that worries me more than all the rest. While I am, of course, very sorry for poor Mrs. Floyd and the children, still it's natural to feel most uneasy about one's own flesh and blood, and—well—maybe I ought not to speak of it, even to you—but I'm very sure that Robert has lent him money, and a good deal of it, and I am doubtful whether he will ever be paid."

"You need not be. There is a moral certainty that he will never see a cent of it again. No man ever did yet who was so foolish as to lend anything to the Colonel. You can set your mind at rest upon that score."

"Yes—I suppose so—but it is a pity and a shame, Aleck! I wish you could put Robert upon his guard. He's so soft-hearted and open-handed that he can't say 'No' to anybody, much less to a friend. And he always defends Colonel Floyd when he is attacked; says he's not so bad as the world is disposed to think, and has some fine traits of character, and has always been very kind to him, and all such talk. You know Robert, and how easily imposed upon he is, and the Colonel certainly puts himself out to be polite and attentive to him, and, Robert told me, gave his consent in the most handsome manner to his engagement with Helen Gardner. Gracious, Aleck! you might have broken it all to pieces!"

Aleck stooped to pick up the pipe that had slipped from his fingers, and remained in that position for a minute busily brushing the ashes from the gayly flowered hearth-rug—a manifestation of care and neatness which, if Aunt Ruth remarked, she attributed to the effect of his residence among the cleanly Hollanders.

"Ugly and dirty as it is, it would have been a pity to break what cost so much money, and is so hard to replace in this country!" continued the thrifty housewife. "Tisn't cracked—is it?"

"No! But I interrupted you! What were you saying?" Aleck refilled and relighted his pipe, after seeming to examine it solicitously, and stretched out his feet as before. "You were talking about the Floyds."

"Yes! so far as I can judge, there is no love lost between Helen and her guardian. I don't think there ever has been. He has always found her an unruly charge, I reckon. So it isn't to please her that Robert let him have money, when he asked for it. It's just his own good-nature, and he will suffer for it."

"They have been engaged for some time, have they?"

"Who? Robert and Helen? Four or five months. They seem very happy together, as contented a couple as I ever saw. They expect to be married at Christmas; but I suppose Robert has told you all about that."

"At Christmas! and this is the first of November!"

There was a dreary echo in his tone that reached even Miss Ruth's apprehensions, and elicited a responsive sigh.

"Yes! it will be a change for us all—for you and me, as well as them! But I hope it is for Robert's good. He will make one of the best husbands alive, and she has steadied surprisingly—sobered down more than I once thought she ever could, since they were first engaged. Do you recollect how wild she used to be?"

"Yes!"

And after this musing articulation of his aunt's favorite monosyllable, there was an interval of silence. Miss Ruth plied her knitting-needles assiduously, and looked over her spectacles into the crackling fire. The nephew smoked slowly, and seemed to study the same blazing pile of hickory logs. What were her motherly and housewifely meditations, it concerns us not to inquire. The central figure in his dream-pictures was a young girl, with flashing, laughing eyes, and dark chestnut locks wound in heavy braids about her nobly-shaped head; form erect, yet pliant; dancing feet whose rapid beat was sweetest music to his ears.

"*Did* he recollect how wild she used to be?"

Mrs. Floyd, sober and shocked, had oftentimes expostulated with him for aiding and abetting her harum-scarum niece in her hare-brained pranks and lawless proceedings. He had taught her to sit firmly his most spirited hunter, in leaping fences and ditches; to fish, and, most barbarous of all pursuits for a young lady—to hunt! to carry her fowling-piece and bring down her game with the coolness and address of a veteran sportsman. This last-named accomplishment was rather practiced in secret, than alluded to in public. It was doubtful whether Mrs. Floyd was ever quite sure that Helen had really acquired it. Many a day had she spent in the woods in company with Aleck and Robert, when governess and guardians had granted her permission to pay a proper, hum-drum visit to Miss Ruth. An unfortunate accident finally cured her of her Nimrod proclivities. The three were out turkey-hunting, one day, and Aleck, having stationed Robert with Helen behind the blind of brushwood and bushes, to await the coming of the frightened and scattered flock, grew impatient of the tardiness of the dogs sent to "flush" the birds, and started off himself to seek and direct them. He was not long in discovering a fine gang of turkeys, and after assuring himself that many of them had taken the direction he desired, undertook to regain the covert by another route. Crouching low, that his head might not appear above the undergrowth of the wood, he made his way rapidly and stealthily towards the ambuscade. He was within twenty yards of it, when the crack of a gun rang out upon the forest stillness. Helen, excited and impetuous, had mistaken the slight motion created by his passage among the bushes, for the advance of the expected game, and fired before Robert could interfere to prevent her rash action. The charge from her weapon lodged in Aleck's shoulder and the upper part of his chest, inflicting a severe, and, as they, in their inexperience feared, a fatal wound.

Bleeding and suffering—ignorant as his companions of the extent of his danger, the elder brother still retained his habitual power of resolve and command.

"Leave me here—both of you!" was his order. "Robert! you will see her home! then ride over to Greenfield and bring a couple of men back with you. And, my dear fellow! mind! *I did it myself!*"

Helen interposed with a passionate burst of self-accusation. It was all her work—her unpardonable stupidity! her cruel, cruel blunder! and she alone should be blamed for it! She deserved the most severe things that could be said of, and to her!

"Nelly!" The wounded youth looked up with his own saucy smile. "Do you remember what that old Hebrew king—Abimelech, I believe it was—said to his armor-bearer, when a woman cast a piece of millstone from the wall of the besieged city, and cracked his crown? 'Draw thy sword, and slay me, that men say not of me—"*A woman slew him!*"' Robert! you will do as I said!"

Robert hastened away in quest of help; but Helen's will was not to borne down in this matter. For two hours—long in their anguished suspense to her;—short and delicious as a dream of Paradise to the injured boy,—she lingered beside him, in the heart of that lonely forest; staunching the blood with such appliances as were within her reach; making him a pillow of leaves; fanning him; gently wiping his brow, when the pain that could not extort a groan from the manly heart, or dim his grateful smile, forced great beads of sweat through the pores. Nay, more! when the sound of voices was heard approaching the spot, and he besought her, for both their sakes, to make good her retreat before she was perceived by curious, or unfriendly eyes,—she gazed long and earnestly into his face,—a look that awoke a new thrill of life in the fainting heart, and, the tears raining down her cheeks, bent over, and kissed him.

When Robert and his attendants arrived at the scene of the accident, Aleck was alone, lying quietly upon his leafy couch, more than serene,—with a happy light upon his countenance that glorified and elevated every feature. It was but the commencement of a splendid hunting season—the finest that had been known in years—when he was shot, and he lost the whole of it. Miss Ruth marvelled at, and lauded his patient endurance of his tedious confinement; his comrades were affected with equal surprise at the cheerful equanimity with which he received their raillery upon his awkwardness in hitting himself—he—the best shot in the country!

"Merely a difference of game, boys!" he said, gayly. "I went to look for turkeys, and brought down a great goose instead!"

Robert carried daily health bulletins to Colonel Floyd's, and never returned without some token of remembrance or sympathizing message from Helen. Sometimes she wrote to the invalid. Every one of these hastily-penned notes—incoherent, girlish, extravagant—was treasured up to this day—locked away, as too sacred for other eyes;—perfumed with the roses she had sent by his brother's hand. The three guarded well their secret; but Helen never hunted again. If she had not lost her unfeminine hankering for a personal participation in the amusement, she shrank from its practice with trembling.

She was but fifteen then,—scarcely more than a child. Robert was two years older and Aleck his senior by eighteen months. He was twenty-two when he went to Germany, and it was still "Aleck" and "Nelly" between them. Still they laughed, danced, rode and sported together,—the acknowledged ring-leaders of every frolic—the wilder the better—and Robert was the balance-wheel to their impetuosity. He was mirthful and loved fun as dearly as did either of the others, but he exhibited a gentle steadiness of demeanor, a graceful propriety of action that caused him to be extolled by all the matrons of the region as a "pattern young man, and a safe chance for any girl." Nobody called Aleck Lay an unsafe chance, yet his popularity never equalled his brother's. He was too unscrupulous in speech, often reckless and imprudent in manner. The weak-minded and timid feared his lash of ridicule, hypocrites and pretenders his fearless exposure of their true characters. Little cared he for popular judgment, for public favor, or public reprobation! Aunt Ruth petted him; Robert loved him, and Helen was his willing ally, his fast friend, his confidante upon all subjects save one.

Their farewell, prior to his departure for the Old World, was spoken in the interval of the dance at a large party given at Colonel Floyd's in celebration of Lily Calvert's—a niece and another ward of the Colonel's—birthday.

"It would hardly be honorable in me were I to say to you all that is in my heart," Aleck had said, hurriedly, "for this avowal would force you to a corresponding frankness—and I shall be absent a long time—and we are both very young. I would be basely ungenerous, were I to attempt to bind you by a promise, now."

His color came and went almost as rapidly as did hers, and his whole behavior was oddly at variance with his usual easy self-assured bearing.

"But, if my presumption in daring to speak of this matter—to think of you, to hope and dream, as I have for years, has not offended you; if you will still keep your early playfellow in remembrance—still permit him to cherish your image where he has always worn it—in his heart of hearts—may I ask you to wear this, while I am away? It is no signal of bondage, recollect! It leaves you free as air. When I return, if I do not see it on your finger, I shall, nevertheless, have no right to feel myself ill-treated—shall never molest you by demands for any explanation."

They stood apart from the crowd, at a window, partially concealed by a curtain. Without a word—only with one thrilling look into his eyes, that revived the memory of the forest scene; she drew off her glove—his hand touched hers—held it for a second! The next minute a partner claimed her for the ensuing set, and led her away, dreaming as little of the ring hidden by the snowy kid, as did the throng at large of the wild throbbings of the heart—the mingled rapture, pain and unrest masked by Aleck Lay's laughing face. Helen was never more gay than during the remainder of the revel, and his spirits seemed to keep pace with the rise of hers. Their last dance together was a dashing, sweeping waltz, whose almost frantic swiftness and the length of time they kept it up, set all the prudes' heads to wagging in holy horror, and drew from kind, loving, charitable Aunt Ruth a deprecating remark to her nephew, Robert.

"She's a good-hearted girl, I don't doubt, Robert! And I have great confidence in her principles—she wouldn't knowingly do a wrong thing—but it's a pity the poor child has no mother!"

The rout over, the adieus were brief—a single glance was interchanged, and a hand clasp, fervent, but not prolonged;—a jesting phrase intended for the benefit of the by-standers—,

"Good bye, Nelly! Take care of yourself!" and

"Good bye, Aleck! I suppose we shall not see you again until you are a fat Mynheer, whose thick tongue will be unintelligible to untravelled ears."

This was all! As he had said, they were both very young then; it was his choice to leave her untrammelled by the shadow of a pledge. The ring might have been a friend's parting gift. She was a woman now—more grave, more thoughtful, more judicious than in the days when she seemed to prefer his society to that of other admirers—even to Robert's; a woman, who had chosen for herself a life-partner, and who would, in seven weeks more, be his brother's wife!

He thought all this over, without the change of a muscle or an audible sigh. His will was strong, and his pride stubborn, himself one of the men who can meet death, however horrible its form, with a steady or smiling front, if it be proved to be inevitable, and there are others looking on to mark how they sustain the trial.

His voice, cheery and unfaltering, ended the protracted pause.

"Ah, well, aunty! you and I need not stay here to embarrass the movements of the rightful master and mistress of this establishment. Greenfield is a dear and lovely spot to us both, but duty and expediency unite in forbidding my longer residence here. Maple Hill is sadly in want of a tenant, and I have always looked forward to a settlement of myself and worldly goods there when I should be ready to begin life in earnest. But I cannot keep house by myself, you know. It would be a doleful and disgraceful Bachelor's Hall, that would cause you to disown me forever. I must have somebody to scold the maids, to pour out my coffee and lecture me occasionally. You will not mind the change of home so much as if I invited you to be my companion in a strange neighborhood and unfamiliar house, will you?"

"I was born there, lived there until your mother and grandfather died, and your father begged me to come here and take charge of you boys!"

A tear found its way from beneath the spectacles.

"And you have no idea what an exemplary character I mean to become," pursued Aleck. "Not quite so good as Robin, to be sure, but a very decorous and decent young man, notwithstanding beard and meerschaum."

Miss Ruth smiled up at him affectionately. Scapegrace though she was often obliged to consider him, he had ever been her favorite of her adopted children, and the vision of an independent home with him was far more pleasant, more in consonance with her tastes than the thought of resigning the insignia of authority, *i. e.*, the keybasket, into the hands of Robert's wife, and the meek acceptance of a secondary position in the court where she had reigned supreme for upwards of twenty years.

"You were always kind-hearted and generous, Aleck! one of the sort whose worst side is the outside. I hope you'll get a good wife of your own some day."

"Don't trouble your brain with such useless wishes and unprofitable imaginings, aunty! *I* do not! Why! it is ten o'clock! Is Robert generally so late in returning from court?"

"No! I'm afraid he went home with Colonel Floyd! He often does. It is naturally hard work for him, now he is in love, to pass the Bellevue gate on his road, especially when he thinks that there is nobody here but me, and knows that I am never lonesome. We had not an idea of seeing you for a fortnight to come. How stupid and selfish it was in me not to think sooner of sending a boy to the Colonel's to inquire if he was there. But, you see, I kept expecting him every minute."

"Exactly! I understand! I am glad your after thought came so late. I would not have him disturbed from his present agreeable quarters on my account. You think that he will not be home to-night, then?"

"Hardly. He usually stays at the Colonel's all night when he goes there from court. I suppose that, like most other courting couples, they sit up till past midnight, and he doesn't like to trouble me by coming in so late. I should think they would have talked it all out before this time, but that is always the way. Engaged people never seem at a loss what to say to one another."

"Theirs is a theme which is exhaustless, until after marriage!" said Aleck, yawning and rising. "I feel tired after my journey, and it is already long past your bed time. Good night!"

His chamber was the same he had shared with Robert until their separation, two years before, the same in which he had lain, helpless and suffering, during the weeks that followed the accident already described. There was a bright fire on the hearth; his mother's picture, the object of his boyish idolatry, still smiled down at him from its place above the mantel; every article of the old familiar furniture was endeared to him by associations of a happy childhood and joyous, hopeful youth, yet the place was inexpressibly cheerless and desolate; awoke a sensation of homesickness, more acute than any he had felt in the wayside inns of foreign lands.

He looked through the window. The moon shone with fitful lustre between flying clouds; the high autumn wind roared through a pine-grove to the right of the house, and tore showers of leaves from other trees—the dismantled boughs groaning in every fibre as they gave up their summer treasures. It was a wierd, dreary night to a solitary and sad watcher, whether his lonely vigil were kept above a dead form or a dead hope; a night to make friends draw closer the ring surrounding the social blaze, and talk more earnestly and frankly; a night to cause lovers to cling more nearly and fondly to one another, to feel, as they had never done before, the warmth and blessedness and glory of that heart-sunshine which beamed the fairer for the rush and crash of outward storms.

"This is my welcome home!"

He left his look-out; went to a trunk which, with the rest of his baggage, stood against the wall; unstrapped and opened it, and took from its depths a pretty casket. The lid of this was raised, and a subtle perfume stole through the apartment—the odor of rose-leaves. Then, the entire contents of the box were emptied upon the table: notes, dried flowers, a knot of blue ribbon—lastly, a lady's cambric handkerchief, with dark-red stains upon it. With this the rude compress of moss and bruised herbs had been bound upon his shoulder on that memorable day. One corner bore a name. He tore this off, and threw it into the fire, turning his back that he might not see it burn;—the rest—cambric, papers, withered stalks and petals, were rent into small bits—not impatiently, but carefully, deliberately, as one performs a solemn duty;—re-collected and returned to the casket. The November blast screamed hoarsely past his ear as he lifted the sash. In a second it caught the pile of fragments; whirled them aloft; dashed them downwards; scattered them far and wide over plain, hill and grove.

"So let it be!" was all Aleck said, as he lowered the window.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1863.

Rejected Communications.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, Number 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

Respectfully Declined.—"An Episode from Every Day Life in Sweden," "Why He Would Have Done It," "President Jeff.," "A Life Sacrificed,"—and poetical "efforts" too numerous to mention. In fact we cannot find room for even many very tolerable pieces of poetry that are sent to us. We try to publish the best, however. Those that do not appear in the course of a reasonable time, may be considered not accepted.

COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS.

We commence this new tale by Marion Harland in our present number. We think it opens finely, and gives promise of an admirable story.

THE CAMPAIGN.

The recent intended movements on the Rappahannock are said to have been given up, on account of the severe three days' storm and the almost impassable condition of the roads. Our troops still remain on this side of the river. Probably one of the objects designed by General Burnside has not been, however, altogether unattained.

From the South-West we learn that Gen. Grant has embarked with his army at Memphis, and another attempt is being made upon Vicksburg. That place seems a hard nut to crack, but the greater glory awaits the army that does it. This is the third trial, and we hope will do up the work.

News from the Carolinas may probably be expected at any moment. Weldon, Wilmington and Charleston are all spoken of by the rebel papers as probable points of attack, but the rebel editors are such a miserable set—see Col. Washington's private letter to the rebel envoy Mason—that we do not like to place much reliance upon their statements.

CRINOLINE.

We copy in the present paper an article from a London periodical, designed to show the mischievous character of the hooped skirts that fashion now requires our ladies and kitchen maids to wear. The list of disasters in England appears to be an appalling one. Where open fires are used especially, the danger of ladies burning themselves to death is very great. If the Empress Eugenie should take fire herself some day, it probably would be the means of reforming the fashion, and saving many valuable lives. Of course the English and American ladies cannot dress otherwise until Eugenie gives the word—though some say that even Eugenie is only the puppet of certain fair and audacious demireps of Paris, who really do set the fashions for all their virtuous sisters of the civilized world. But if they, or Eugenie, or whoever it is that starts the ball of change at Paris, were to give the word that ladies should wear their dresses as high as the knees, inch by inch the dresses would finally get there. For great is Fashion, and the Dianas of the Parisians are her prophets.

OUR PREMIUM OFFER.

Our offer of one of Wheeler and Wilson's forty-five dollar sewing machines as a Premium,—see Prospectus—has not yet appeared to attract that attention and action which we think it deserves. While a number of persons have taken advantage of it, it has not been embraced by that large portion of our readers whom we designed to stir up to exertions alike for their own and our benefit. The offer is a *bona fide* one—and though our readers may wonder that we are able to do as we promise, we can assure them that we are able, and on terms satisfactory to ourselves. The sewing machine offered, is one the regular cash price of which is forty-five dollars—and which we do not believe can be purchased for a dollar less than that sum. Neither do we know how long we shall be able to make the offer in question—we only know that we are able to make it at present. Certainly such a chance of getting a first quality sewing machine, was never before presented to the public.

To show that some have taken advantage of said offer, and are well pleased with having done so, we quote the following extracts from letters now before us:—

"R. E." writes from Allegheny, Pennsylvania:—

"The machine came to hand in due time, was put up, and is doing its work to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. For which please accept my thanks."

"B. R. J." writes from Dushore, Sullivan County, Pa.:—

"I received the sewing machine the 10th inst., and am much obliged for your prompt attention."

"A. H. S."—deputy P. M.—of Montrose, Susquehanna County, Pa., writes:—

"I am in receipt of the Wheeler & Wilson $45 sewing machine, from New York, per your order, as Premium for getting the club to your very valuable paper. Trusting I may be able to render you some valuable service hereafter, I remain very truly yours."

"J. T." writes from Racine, Wisconsin:—

"I have just received the Wheeler & Wilson's sewing machine, and to say that I am well pleased with it, is saying but a very little. *I am highly pleased.* Accept our kind regards, for without the club premium, we should not have been able to have had one at all. It is the very thing we have wanted in our family a long time. I herewith send you the money for another subscriber to your Sat. Eve. Post. Yours, truly."

Our readers will see by the above letters, that a number are availing themselves of our liberal offer. But there are hundreds, yes, thousands of places, where thirty subscribers for The Post could be obtained with very little trouble—certainly very little as compared with the proposed remuneration. And the opening of a story by that highly popular writer, Marion Harland, would seem an excellent opportunity to try what could be done. A young lady especially, has many advantages for procuring the required number of subscribers; and a first-class sewing-machine—apart from present uses—would be a valuable addition to the stock of housekeeping articles which it is well for young ladies to collect,—for possibly some day they may need them.

FITZ-JOHN PORTER.

The court-martial have pronounced General Fitz-John Porter guilty of all the charges brought against him by General Pope's Adjutant General, and President Lincoln has approved their sentence—"Dismissed from the service."

The court was composed of the following officers:—Major General Hunter, President; Major-General Hitchcock, Brigadier-Generals Rufus King, Prentiss, Ricketts, Casey, Garfield, Buford, and Morris; the Hon. Joseph Holt, Judge-Advocate-General, acting as Judge-Advocate. Seven of the above are West-Pointers—and the majority of them are said to be veteran officers.

Disobedience upon disobedience of the most explicit written orders, was charged against Gen. Porter. And the court says said disobedience was proved.

The court have in fact determined that when a subordinate officer has received, as Gen. Porter did, peremptory orders to do certain things, no slight excuses can be held valid in justification of his disobedience. He at least should *try energetically* to do what he is ordered to do. If he does not, but finds in bad and encumbered roads a sufficient reason for not obeying, the best planned campaign or battle may be lost.

Moreover, and most serious of all, among the charges against Gen. Porter, were the following:—

6. When peremptorily ordered into battle, he "*did there shamefully disobey, and did retreat from the advancing forces of the enemy, without any attempt to engage them, or aid the troops who were already fighting greatly superior numbers*, and were relying on the flank-attack he was thus ordered to make to secure a decisive victory, and to capture the enemy's army, *a result which must have followed from said flank attack*, had it been made by said Gen. Porter in compliance with the said order which he so shamefully disobeyed."

7. In that, "being with his army corps on Friday, the 29th of April, between Manassas Station and the field of battle then pending, and within sound of the guns, and in presence of the enemy, and *knowing that a severe action of great consequence was being fought*, and that the aid of his corps was greatly needed, did fail all that day to bring it on to the field, *and did shamefully fall back and retreat from the advance of the enemy, without any attempt to give them battle, and without knowing the forces from which he shamefully retreated.*"

8. That "*being in the belief that the troops of Gen. Pope were sustaining defeat and retiring from the field, did shamefully fail to go to the aid of said troops*, and did shamefully retreat and fall back with his army to the Manassas Junction, and leave to the disaster of a presumed defeat the said army, *and did fail, by any attempt to attack the enemy, to aid in averting the misfortunes of a disaster that would have endangered the safety of the capital of the country.*"

And the court says the above tremendous charges were proved! In other words, they say that the charge which has been so often made, that Gen. Pope and his army were sacrificed, is true!

And yet the sentence of the court was simply "Dismissal from the service." How can the court reconcile the serious character of the charges with so mild a sentence as this? For our own part, we think they are thoroughly inconsistent. If the charges were not fully proven, the court should have said so—but if fully proven, the proper penalty of such offences is the highest known to military law.

☞ We are requested to announce that the Hutchinson Family have consented to give a concert in aid of the funds of the "Penn Relief Association for Sick and Wounded Soldiers," on Friday evening, the 30th inst., at the Institute, corner of Broad and Spring Garden streets. It is to be hoped there will be a generous attendance, for the wants of the sick and wounded soldiers among us are always many and urgent.

A SOUTHERN VIEW.

An Intercepted Letter from Colonel L. Q. Washington to Ex-Hon. James M. Mason—How Things Looked in October Last.

Although the following letter, found amongst the Sanders budget, was written at Richmond as long ago as the 29th of October last, its speculations are quite interesting, and we hasten to give Mr. Mason, as well as Generals Bragg and Van Dorn, and the Southern editors, all of whom are so highly complimented, the benefit of them:

Richmond, Va., October 29, 1862.

My Dear Sir:—I avail myself of the occasion of sending despatches to add a few lines.

The campaign seems almost to have closed, Bragg's sloth and want of heart, and Van Dorn's folly, have lost us the results we hoped for. Bragg has given up Kentucky with a fine army of seventy thousand men, and we have nothing to show but the victory in the partial battle of Perryville. Bragg did not concentrate his troops; he seemed to have no plans; and, in the opinion of all or nearly all, has thrown away the summer and the finest chances for fame. Still, we have a good army intact in East Tennessee, and more of Tennessee than we held at the start.

After Van Dorn's repulse at Corinth, matters have relapsed into inactivity in the country west of the Tennessee river. And this quiescence seems to be followed west of the Mississippi.

So, too, on the Potomac. Lee has awaited McClellan's advance, but the latter shows no readiness for a "forward movement," although the Northern press (both friendly and hostile to him) clamor for him to go over the Potomac and attack Lee. The latter will wait a while longer for his adversary, but, if he does not come, will, I conjecture, fall back to a point nearer Richmond and more convenient to supplies. Thus, land movements seem to pause. What, then, is to be looked for?

First. The Yankees are getting ready naval expeditions. They are conjectured to be for Charleston, Mobile, and Savannah. I regard it as quite possible that the first two may fall—the latter is hardly possible. But the fall of all would have no appreciable effect upon the war. They would cut off a few supplies, but at the most would be simply a demonstration of what is now pretty well demonstrated, viz: that steam iron-clads can run by a fort where it is impossible from the nature of the case to plant obstructions.

Any schemes of attack upon these places are felt by the Yankees to be a small matter compared with the taking of Richmond. Richmond is, in the opinion of the best judges, impregnable to naval attacks. A land-expedition is the only thing that promises anything. I do not think McClellan would like to undertake it before spring, but public opinion may force him to do it some time in the winter. He may (admit for argument's sake) bring a more formidable army than he did before. *Per contra*, a much larger force can be arrayed for defence than we had before, with stronger fortifications, more complete preparations, and the advantages of experience.

You may be assured that the war would languish the whole fall and winter ahead but for the fear of European recognition in such case. If recognition should come before the *sailing* of their expedition for Richmond (I regard an *overland* march as out the question) it is highly probable that the thing would be given up as a useless expenditure of money and blood.

The Northern mind is undoubtedly changing. The rapid and large depreciation of their currency has startled the business men and set them to thinking. Thinking is fatal to foolish wars. So, too, the fierce divisions of parties, the triumph of the Democrats, and the frantic excesses of the Republicans, all put the North in that exact temper when European recognition would be hailed by a large class—perhaps a majority—as a solution of a difficult problem. Recognition before January 1st, 1863, would, I have little doubt, give us peace before spring.

Congress has adjourned to meet in January next. They failed to fix upon a permanent seal for the Confederate States. There seems to be a poverty of invention on such subjects. There are persons in Europe whose studies on heraldry, &c, make their suggestions valuable; perhaps one of these might suggest a good design. If you can obtain one, I will place it before the committee next session.

The President's health is good, though he works hard. I shall try to send you files, though I am really ashamed to send such a press abroad. The editorial profession has sunk low, indeed. After the war it may improve. Indeed it must, or we will run the same course as the North.

Messrs. Garnett and Hunter were well the other day when I heard from them. Both are in the country. * * * *

Yours, very truly,

L. Q. Washington.

Hon. James M. Mason, London.

A SAIL IN THE OFFING.

Or sometimes, when the pearl lighted morns
drew the tinges
Of the cold sunrise up their amber fringes,
A white sail peered over the rim of the main,
Looked all about o'er the empty sea,
Staggered back from the fine line of white light
again,
And dropped down to another world silently.

—*Owen Meredith.*

☞ The angelic of our race die early.—Precious gums are not for a lasting flame; they but perfume the temple and expire.

A REBEL VIEW OF AFFAIRS.

"The Yankees Hold All They Have Ever Held"—"Another Year's Progress to Make Them Masters of the Southern Confederacy."

From the Richmond Examiner of Jan. 20.

It is not altogether an empty boast on the part of the Yankees that they hold all they have ever held, and that another year or two of such progress as they have already made will find them masters of the southern Confederacy. They who think independence is to be achieved by brilliant but inconsequential victories, would do well to look with the natural eye at the magnitude of Yankee possessions in our country. Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri are claimed as constituent parts of the Confederation; they are as much in the power of Lincoln as Maine and Minnesota. *The pledge once deemed foolish by the South, that he would "hold, occupy and possess" all the forts belonging to the United States Government, has been redeemed almost to the letter by Lincoln. Forts Pickens (?) and Morgan we still retain, but, with these exceptions, all the strongholds on the seaboard, from Fortress Monroe to the Rio Grande, are in the hands of the enemy.*

Very consoling and very easy to say that it was impossible to prevent all this, and that the occupation of the outer edge of the republic amounts to nothing. Drewry's Bluff and Vicksburg give the lie to the first assertion, *and the onward movement of Rosecrans towards Alabama, the presence of Grant in North Mississippi, and of Curtis in Middle Arkansas, to say nothing of Banks at New Orleans and Baton Rouge, set at rest the silly dream that a thin strip of sea coast only is in the possession of our foes.* The truth is, the Yankees are in great force in the very heart of the Confederacy; they swarm on all our borders, they threaten every important city yet belonging to us, and nearly two hundred thousand of them are within two days' march of the Confederate capital. This is no fiction. *It is a fact so positive that none can deny it.*

Nor is this all. The President tells us, in his message, that the troubles with the Indian tribes have been removed, and no further difficulty is anticipated. *The intelligence we obtain from private and trustworthy sources does not confirm the President's sanguine assertions.* The trouble with the Cherokees was, in great part, due to the fact that some seven or eight thousand of them, now in arms, had not received a cent of pay for fourteen months. It is true that paper money has been sent them, and ere now, it is to be hoped, has reached its destination. But Indians do not like paper money. Still it would answer the purpose if General Albert Pike remained to disburse it, and to allay their prejudices, which he, of all men in the Confederacy, is best able to do. Pike, however, has resigned, for good reasons, doubtless, and a person said to be not the most competent is left in his stead. Under these circumstances, we shall be fortunate indeed if we escape further trouble with the Indians. Moreover, we get from Missouri members and others, distressing accounts of the condition of affairs in Arkansas.

Gen. Hindman is very far from being a favorite, even among his own people, and so destitute are some of the new levies who have volunteered to come out of Missouri to join our armies, that whole battalions of them have been seen marching barefoot through snow three inches deep. Add to this the fact that, so far as the public is permitted to know, New Mexico and Arizona are, for the time being, lost to us, *and that the state of disaffection in Tennessee and Mississippi* (growing out of the appointment of incompetent officers and the fancied neglect of that country by the Confederate government—not from any lack of fervor in the cause,) *which President Davis's visit was intended to heal, is likely to revive under the depressing influence of Bragg's retreat and his continuance in command—add all this to the foregoing, and it will be seen that the Yankees have much to encourage them in the prosecution of the war, and not a little to excite serious apprehensions as to the future.*

The remedy for this state of things is obvious. It lies in the extension and rigid enforcement of that law to which we owe our salvation. We must bring out the conscripts and diminish exemptions. If this is done, the chapter of failures in the Southwest will come to an end. The history of the battles in that region has been sufficiently uniform to justify a conclusion which shall not be chargeable with the vices of hasty generalization. It has not been so much for a want of brains as for a want of men that we have been compelled to lose the fruits of some of the best fighting that has been done in this war. At Donelson, at Shiloh, at Perryville and at Murfreesboro', the story has been always the same—victories, achieved against great odds, snatched away by overwhelming reinforcements to the enemy.

As the past has been so will the future be, unless something is done, and that speedily, to fill up the shattered ranks of our armies in the West. Exemptions must be diminished. The system of details must be adopted. Young men must not be permitted to evade their duty by slipping into safe places. Complaisant friends must turn a deaf ear to their entreaties. Able-bodied men must not be allowed to stay at home on the pretext of attending to twenty negroes. Here in Virginia there are, in many places contiguous plantations, numbering in the aggregate hundreds of slaves, without a solitary white man left to guard them. The gentle authority of ladies has been found amply sufficient to control the obedient African population.

With the first opening of spring comes the last tremendous shock of this war. Many of the Yankee troops are nine month's men. More are enlisted for two years, their time expiring in May next. Up to that time they will be available, and we may be very sure that all the fighting that can possibly be gotten out of them will be had before they are allowed to go home. They outnumber us two to one. There is a limit to the endurance of the brave men at Tullahoma, Grenada and Vicksburg. They must be sustained, strengthened, reinforced. *If within the next two months we do not add seventy five or a hundred thousand men to our forces in the South-West we shall come to grief.* If we add them, we are safe beyond peradventure, and next summer will witness the final triumph of our arms.

☞ Single Talent.—Feeble souls are like those tracts of land which have neither depth nor richness of soil, yet however arid produce something to serve the world. The sandy and stony deserts of the Cape are covered with heath of every hue and form to beautify the scene and to charm the traveler's eye. Even so the feeblest soul can display some phase of feeling and character that shall add a beauty to its sphere. The world wants the heath as well as the oak, and the genial heavens shine alike on both.—Da *Thomas.*

☞ A man aged eighty, and a woman aged sixty-six, were found in the Seine near Paris a few weeks ago. They were locked in each other's arms, and kept in position by a true-blue handkerchief. They committed suicide for love.

A NEW KIND OF WILFUL MURDER.

FROM THE LONDON "ONCE A WEEK."

I make no apology for reproducing some facts from the newspapers, for once; nor for earnestly—I wish I might be allowed to say, peremptorily—desiring the attention of the readers of *Once a Week* to these facts in their collected form. I do so for a purpose eminently practical.

It is a common thing to hear women say that they are tired of the abuse of crinoline: and it is almost as common to hear men say that there is no use in declaring their opinion of the present fashion in dress, as the women have shown very plainly that no considerations of self-respect, no regard for the convenience or feelings of others, no appeal to either sense or sentiment has any effect in regard to a fashion in dress which, instituted by an Empress, has enslaved her whole sex, except the very few who cannot surrender their self-respect even under a prevalent mania. All this is very true: but I think there may be some hope that a glance over the domestic tragedies disclosed by some of the Coroners' inquests of the past year may possibly hasten the change of fashion which, of course, must come sooner or later. It is too late now for my countrywomen of the present generation to regain the position they held in the respect and confidence of men before this perilous and selfish madness carried them away. It is too late for society and for households to forget the sacrifices imposed on all their members by the unreasonable and ungenerous indulgence of a fancy in dress on the part of women whose proper business it is to promote the comfort and safety of home and of society. It is too late to repair the mischief done to the women of the working classes by tempting them to extravagance and affectation in the pursuit of a masquerading mode of dress. It is too late now to help the bereaved parents who have lost the dutiful daughter, to console the sorrowing widower, or to save the many motherless children in the country from the consequences of the loss of a parent in infancy. The victims of this perilous fashion cannot be brought to life again; nor is there any rational comfort which can be offered to those who mourn them: for of all deaths none surely are so shocking to the feelings of survivors as those which proceed from a dangerous fashion in dress. If the Coroner's jury, in the case of Dr. Allen's cook, "could not separate without expressing their disgust and horror" at the cause of her death, what must be the feelings of husbands, fathers and orphaned children at having their home made desolate by such a frailty as compliance with an absurd fashion in skirts. The folly and crime of the past are irreparable; but I cannot help hoping that the evidence, if presented in groups of cases, may fix the imagination and the conscience of some women who are superior to the ordinary levity and shallowness, and childish wilfulness which are in this case as bad as malice and cruelty could be. Some few women of my acquaintance have throughout had the courage and firmness to resist the prevalent mania; and knowing this, and witnessing the effect of their virtue on the feelings of their neighbors of both sexes, I see every reason to hope that there may be more who can be startled into reason and conscience by a display of a few facts in their right order.

Before me lie the details of some of the deaths by crinoline, which have been inquired into by Coroners' juries within a few months. They are not nearly all the cases that might have been collected by any one on the lookout for them. They are a mere handful, preserved on account of something remarkable in them, or from their following each other, at certain periods, in striking succession. On a recent occasion, Dr. Lankester declared his belief that at least six deaths per month occur in London from burns through the wearing of crinoline, while deaths from machinery are also frequent. At another inquest he said that "deaths from wearing crinoline were now so common that many are never reported in the public journals. If every fatal crinoline accident were reported, the public would know of them, and then crinoline would soon be abandoned." My instances must therefore be considered a mere sample of the evils caused by this detestable fashion within the last few months.

The most interesting class to us all is probably that of the wives and mothers.

The wife of an engineer, Mrs. M. A. B——, was on a visit to a friend on Notting Hill when she met her death at the age of twenty-eight. She reached for something over the mantel-piece, and her skirt went into the fire. She was carried to St. Mary's hospital, and immediately died there. This was the way in which the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews perished lately. The sufferer and her daughter were from America; and probably there was the exaggeration in the style of dress which is usual in that country. She was standing before the fire when her skirt touched the bars. She ran out upon the stairs, after setting on fire the drapery round the fire-place she had left. Her screams will never be forgotten by her child, or any who heard them. Before night she was silent forever.

More deaths are caused by the skirt catching fire behind than in front. It was but the other day that a poor young collier's wife, M. A. R——, was stooping to her baby's cradle, when her large hoop drove her dress behind against the bars. Then followed the useless endeavors of neighbors, with their blankets and wet towels; useless in these days, because the hoops prevent any effectual compression of the dress, and admit air within the burning garment. The poor babe has lost its young mother. She lingered through several days of agony, and then died at the age of twenty. In another case a little boy of ten appeared at the inquest on his mother, and told what he had tried to do to save her. Her skirt went into the wood fire behind, without her being aware of it. The boy squeezed her clothes, and knocked out some of the flames with a stick. When a man came in to help, the boy called the neighbors: but in a minute or two she was seen in the road with her cotton-dress in flames, the canes preventing their being put out.—There was a piece of steel hoop also left in the road. "For mercy's sake! for mercy's sake! put it out!" she cried, till she fell: but not till she fell could anything be done. She was just thirty-three—old enough to have dressed herself more wisely. The same thing happened to Mrs. R——, when she was standing with her back to the fire, in the midst of her little children. Stooping to look at something they wanted to show her, she struck her skirts against the bars. She, too, rushed into the open air; and the neighbors in this case, too, could only burn their hands without saving her. She was young; but who can replace her to her children? A young wife comes next on my melancholy list. She had been married only a few weeks: and her husband was in the house. He had left her busy at the oven, and presently heard shrieks from the kitchen. She wore a large crinoline, and as she passed the fire-place her dress caught. Thus perished the bride of one-and-twenty. There was another younger still—only eighteen. She was dressed in muslin, widely spread out; and, on crossing the room, she whisked her flounces against the grate. She died on the stairs; but she had set two rooms on fire; and her husband, being called home, had to work at extinguishing the flames, while she lay dead. This was the case which drew the severest rebuke from Dr. Lankester. Another of his grave remonstrances was called forth by the case of a widow who kept a tavern, and sat up at night to post the books. She, widow as she was, was a slave to the fashion; and she seems to have set her skirts on fire while undressing near a candle which was placed low. She died at noon next day. Another lady, a young mother, escaped only through the fact of her dress fastening in front, all the way down. She was caressing her child by the fireside, when the little creature cried out that mamma's gown was on fire behind. She gathered her skirts about her, and ran to the kitchen, where she desired a servant to hold her clothes tight, while she tried to get out of her cage. She unfastened gown and petticoat, and threw them off—the under petticoat being burned to ashes, leaving only the steel apparatus. Her hands were much burnt; but she escaped with her life.

Are any of my readers complaining already of the monotony of these stories? They must hear more; but they may remember, perhaps, the two ladies who not long ago, and within a few days of each other, were crushed out of life, and out of all human semblance, by their skirts catching in the shaft of a mill. Here is a break to the sameness: but what an alteration it is! Shall we ever forget how one of those victims was seen, within a few minutes of being torn to pieces, gayly walking down the village street, with some friends and her son—all elated at the new machinery being set to work that day. She was near her confinement; and due care seems to have been taken of her: but no care will constantly avail when the dress is out of the sphere of sensation of the wearer. No mind can be incessantly awake to the danger. Thus, after caution and warning, this victim's wide-spreading dress was caught, and all was presently over.

If further variety is asked for, there is the case of Mrs. B——, who was about to enter an omnibus in the Euston Road when a passing mail-cart caught her apparatus of steel and cane, and dragged her a considerable distance. She was carried home with a dislocated wrist and compound fracture of her leg. Such cases have been frequent; and children and gentlemen have often suffered from them, by being entangled in the trammels of the ladies they are walking with.

There are, besides, many accidents to children and others, by being pushed—not only into the ditches, and from the causeway into the road, but from boats and gangways and jetties into the water, and from the side pavements of London under the wheels of wagons or of cabs. Before me lies a published letter from a London surgeon, who declares that there are many more accidents from the hoop than any but men of his profession are aware of. He had just been called in to a case which grieved his heart. A pretty child of three and a half was dreadfully scalded because the parlor-maid, while carrying the urn, hissing hot, caught her foot in the steel cage of a young lady seated near the sister in whose lap the child was sitting. The maid stumbled forwards, and the urn shed its boiling contents over the poor child. Who would have slept that night, or for many nights, after having worn that hoop? Who would ever have liked the seashore so well again after witnessing the fate of the young lady who was disembowelled by the snapt steel hoop of her petticoat? "Take me to my mother!" was all her entreaty when people gathered round her to ask her if she was hurt. Striving to the last to conceal what had happened, she could only cry—"Take me to my mother!" The widowed mother received her only child with a fatal gash across the abdomen; and thus the poor lady lost her only child, her support and comfort in life.

The next class is that of the young ladies. Of the gay young creatures who, a year ago, were looking forward to a sunny life in this happy world, how many are now mouldering in the grave, sent there through the torture of fire!

Torture indeed! S. W——, a girl of fourteen, who "wore a very large crinoline," was alone at the time; and all we know is that the burning began with her skirts. The poor thing was "roasted" all over, except her feet, "which were protected by boots." E. C—— was visiting Mrs. W——; and another young lady was in the room, when she caught fire by poking her skirt against the bars. "Oh! put it out!" she cried, as they all do. She was rolled on the ground, and wrapped round with woollen things; but the hoop spoils the received methods of extinguishing such a fire. She died in the Infirmary; and the Leicester Coroner declared at the inquest that the "absurd expansion and profusion of the dress now worn by females, had occasioned more fatal accidents than he had ever before read or heard of." M. C——, aged fifteen, was sitting by the fire with another girl about her own age, when she stood up to reach something from the mantel-piece. Of course her dress touched the bars, and in a moment the flames were rushing over her head. There was one younger still whose fate seems to me more piteous than almost any. Little J. B——, aged ten, had taken pains to dress herself for school, and had put on the fatal present just received from a cousin—a crinoline. "Oh, mother! I was lacing Freddy's boots by the fire," was the explanation she gave. She was stooping down to her little brother's feet when the new petticoat thrust itself into the fire. The foreman of the Coroner's jury strongly condemned the fatal fashion; and the jury agreed with him: but they were too much afraid of "the sex" to put their judgment on record in the newspapers. Who, of the whole sex, would like now to have been the giver of that fatal gift?

Many of the young ladies' cases arise from their dressing their hair before the glass with their extended petticoats on. The act of raising the arms to the head is sure to stick out the skirts in one direction or another; and we find, therefore, that several have perished in this way when the glass was within several feet of the fire-place.

M. A. L——, living with her parents in lodgings near London, rushed screaming out of her bedroom, the flames reaching above her head. The landlord was on the stairs; and he did the best that could be done, at great risk to himself; but she died that night, from burns and the shock together. She had stooped before the glass, and so thrust her skirt against the bars of the grate. She was a fine healthy girl of seventeen. Miss M. J—— combed her hair with her face to the fire, and perished in the same way, except that her skirts caught fire in front, instead of behind. Both these young ladies died in Guy's Hospital, where the doctors must have long ago seen enough of the burnings of women to have a very strong opinion about the fashion of crinoline. Perhaps they may be fond of quoting, as some other doctors are the saying of old gentlemen from India—that we English have made a great outcry against the Suttee in India; but that we burn more women in twelvemonths by slavishness to fashion than the Hindoos do by their superstition. One morning last winter, M—— died of burns received since midnight, by her having hung up her gown upon a peg before she took off her crinoline petticoat. She had set her candle on a box at some distance; but the act of reaching brought her clothes against the flame, and she was dead before the observances of the day began.

A good many people say that all this sacrifice of life happens because ladies will not insist on their muslins being dressed with a preparation which would render them non-inflammable. They are saying so now about Mademoiselle Emma Livry, who was burned almost to death on the stage of the Grand Opera at Paris, the other day, during a rehearsal of "La Muette de Portici." They say so about Miss C——, who was a guest at Lord Monteagle's, at Mount Trenchard, when she set herself on fire by reaching to a window-curtain, and igniting her sleeve. (Another perilous fashion!) They say so of the case of Miss E. M. S——, who was dressing for dinner after a wedding, in the same week, and, stooping to a trunk, set her sleeve on fire. Both these young ladies died; and it is alleged that they, and the crinoline victims, could have escaped, if their muslins and gauzes had been dressed with starch duly prepared. It may be so: but I should be sorry that more lives should hang on the question which will happen first—the going out of wide petticoats or the general introduction of non-inflammable starching. Let the laundresses of empresses, princesses, peeresses, and prima donnas extol the life-saving property of the starch they use: but how long will it be before the ordinary starch is superseded by any new article in the laundries of the great middle class, and the kitchens of cottages throughout the land?

This brings me to the class of victims which, I own, interests me the most.

I wonder whether the Empress of the French, who is responsible for the introduction of the fashion;—whether our Queen, who is, it seems, not supreme in the world of English fashion;—whether the high-spirited young ladies of the aristocracy, who conceal their slavery to the mode under an air of wilfulness, ever cast a thought towards the humbler orders of their own sex, whose lives they put in peril by their caprices. I can fancy these ladies laughing at the cautions, and resenting or despising the remonstrances of their friends of the other sex on this particular matter, and claiming to be the sole judges of what they shall wear. I have seen some of them enjoying the opportunity of defying opinion, and of proving that they dress to please their own notions, and not men's taste. I have known the extent of daring to which some middle-class ladies will go in spending more money on their skirts than they have warning that husband or father can afford. I have long ago perceived the recklessness with which they throw away, in this case, the *prestige* of their sex, which it will take generations to repair. Of all this I am fully aware. I see how the habitual politeness of well-bred women gives way when the question is of incommoding their neighbors by their dress. From knocking my furniture about when they come to see me, to cutting my shins with their sharp steel in a throng, and allowing me and their other acquaintance of the order of gentlemen no room at the dinner table, or at church or the theatre, they give pain and do mischief without remorse or regret. All this I know; and perhaps I hear more of the consequences to their repute than they do: but what I yet want to know is, whether they have any sense of responsibility for the sacrifice of life they have caused in the class of maid-servants, and of school girls who are to be maid-servants. It is no doing of theirs that deaths do not happen in that way in factories. The mill-owners have very properly taken the matter into their own hands; and the crinoline must be left outside the walls. But there is no such general rule in kitchens, servants' halls and school-houses; and dozens of young women of the working class perish yearly, because of the circumference of the ladies' dresses.

As for me, I took my part at once in my own house. In the kitchen no hoop or crinoline is permitted; and this is easy to enforce, because in the parlor nobody desires to wear either. The servants must do as they choose out of doors; and if they annoy fellow-worshippers at church, I cannot help it; but I will not have my family fires made and my family dinners cooked by women so dressed as to invite destruction by burning. What I want to know is whether the responsible women of this country ever think of this class of their sisters; whether they are unaware that the same feelings which make *them* imitate Empresses and Princesses in style make our servant-maids imitate ladies? I want to know whether the slavery is more degrading and absurd in one rank than in another; and whether the sense which should despise it ought to be expected among maid-servants while ladies are incapable of it? I want to know whether any lady in England really expects the cottager's wife to go buying patent starches, used in royal laundries, in order to render safe her child's cotton frock for school, or Molly's calico petticoats, when she goes to be scullion at the Squire's? If ladies are still burnt by the dozen in muslins and gauzes, are house-maids and cooks to be scolded for being burnt in calico and print?

Enough! A few illustrations, and I have done.

Servant-maids have not the benefit of the now necessary training in sailing about, with skill and grace, in houses not built with a view to the present mode of dress. They preserve a greater simplicity of manners; but they are in more danger of accidents. I like to have to guard neither my flower-pots and china from my guests, nor my guests from my fire-bars; and I certainly prefer the carriage and manners of a waiting-maid who can move swiftly and deftly about my drawing-room to those of any lady in a barrel whoever enters it. Further, I prefer the cheerfulness of a handmaiden who never needs to think of danger within my walls to the levity of damsels who, when I catch their skirt in its sweep of the bars, thank me carelessly with the observation, "I have no wish to be a victim to crinoline." From some comments which reach me from without, I am satisfied that other people—well bred persons of both sexes—are under the same impression. If it exists, wherever there is opportunity to note such a contrast, and where we all mentally pronounce *vulgar* the death of a poor scullion or chambermaid who perishes by crinoline, what ought those ladies to feel who have tempted their humbler sisters to their death, and who then despise them for it?

On a Sunday morning, M. A. F——, a nurse, was busy at the kitchen fire, when her hoop turned upon a fire-bar. (She was certainly no pupil of Florence Nightingale.) She was instantly wrapped in flame. A nursemaid—a young creature of sixteen—E. L——, was stooping down to look at a picture in a new book which one of the children wanted to show her, when her skirt went into the fire behind, and she was on fire all over. She rushed into the garden, where two men put out the flames. Whether she died we know not; but there was no expectation of her recovery. That a woman who had been forty years cook in one family should die such a death seems strange; but there are certainly ladies in the peerage as old as M. F—— who wear crinolines. This woman was kneading her dough very vigorously, with her back to the fire, when the action drove her petticoats against the grate; and, after a day and night of agony, she died. M. A. W—— was preparing dinner for her master, a London physician, one evening between five and six, when her crinoline caught fire. She rushed into the street, where there were plenty of hands to tear off the burning fragments, wrap her in rugs, put her into a cab, and take her to the Westminster Hospital. She was burned all over; and it was at the inquest on her body that the jury expressed their "disgust and horror" at the wearing of crinoline by domestic servants. S. B—— was a nursemaid, in the service of Mrs. P——, who was in the nursery when the poor girl thrust her hooped petticoat into the fire in reaching for a pin from the mantle-piece. Her mistress was much burned in trying to help without doing much good; but two men rushed in from the road, and put out the flames—too late. One Sunday, a servant girl of nineteen, from Pimlico, was allowed to spend the day with her friends; and she went dressed in muslin. On her return she struck a light with a lucifer, which she threw down, forgetting that her muslin skirt interposed between it and the hearth. Her master took her to St. George's Hospital as soon as her burning clothes were torn off; and there she lingered for some days, and died.

Some of these domestics were "much regretted." I trust there may be more to regret them now that their cases have been thus grouped, and the responsibility for their fate brought home. It is said that the ladies of Austria have begun the opposition to crinoline, in the name of their sex, very smartly. They will countenance no theatre where it is worn. Of course we may conclude that they do not wear it themselves. There are Englishwomen who never have worn or countenanced it. There must be more capable of the requisite courage, if once convinced of the reality of the call for it. A few hundreds of such sensible and resolute women in any country would presently reduce the leaders of fashion to change their mode. How many more of my countrywomen will be burnt alive, crushed, disembowelled, or drowned before this is done?

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

"WHERE'S MY BABY?"

The train from Toledo arrived this morning with a heavy load of passengers, a few minutes before the time for the Eastward bound train to start. Among the passengers was a lady with a multitude of small packages, and a baby. On descending from the Toledo cars she was notified that she had to hurry up, or she would miss the train. Hugging the baby, with one arm she endeavored to grasp her packages with her disengaged hand, but they were too many for her. Do what she would, there was always one band-box or one package too many. The precious moments were flying fast, and the conductor of the Lake Shore train was shouting "all aboard." At that moment a good Samaritan, in the shape of a well-dressed man, volunteered to take charge of the baby whilst she gathered up her packages. She gave him the child, and he ran off with it to secure a seat, whilst she followed with her bundles and boxes.

As soon as she had picked up her traps and reached the cars, she looked out for the man with her baby. He was nowhere to be seen. She climbed into a car, and rushed through it, but saw no man with a baby. Out on the platform again she darted in and out among the crowd, shrieking—

"Where's my baby?"

The bystanders inquired what the trouble was, but she gave no explanation except that a man had got her baby. In an instant all was excitement. Everybody rushed in different directions shouting—

"Where's the woman's baby?"

The woman herself, laden down with bundles and bandboxes, which she clung to in all her trouble, ran around shrieking—

"Where's my baby?"

Depot officers Clark, Warren and Van Husen searched every car, and sternly ordered several men with children in their arms to "give up the woman's baby;" while the Conductor kept shouting, frantically—

"All aboard!"

Presently, a man in a state of wild excitement, carrying a baby giving ample evidence of lungs and windpipe in excellent order, came rushing through the crowd, shouting—

"Where's that woman? Has anybody seen the woman who gave me this confounded baby?"

The *denouement* is easily foreseen. Mother and child met. The boxes and bundles were dropped, and the baby overwhelmed with kisses. Officers Clark and Warren politely lifted the mother and child into the car, while the Conductor picked up the bundles and shouted, "all aboard!"—*Cleveland Herald.*

AN EDITORIAL BRUTUS.

An editor out West thus talks to his non-paying subscribers and patrons:—

"Hear us for our debts, and get ready that you may pay; trust us, we are in need, and have regard for our needs; as you may have been long trusted, acknowledge your indebtedness, and dive into your pockets, that you may promptly fork over. If there be any among you—one single patron—that don't owe us something, then to him we say, step aside; consider yourself a gentleman. If the rest wish to know why we dun them, this is our answer: not that we care about ourselves, but our creditors do. Would you rather that we went to jail, and you go free, than you pay over your debts to keep us moving? As we agreed, we have worked for you; as we contracted, we have furnished our paper to you; but as you don't pay, we dun you.—Here are agreements, job work, contracts for subscription, promises for long credit, and duns for deferred payment. Who is there so green that he don't take a paper? If any, he need not speak, for we don't mean him. Who is there so green that he don't advertise? If any, let him slide; he ain't the chap neither. Who is there so mean that he don't pay the printer? If any, let him shout, for he's the man we're after. His name is legion, and he's owing us for one, two, three, four, five, six years—long enough to make us poor and him rich at our expense."

☞ The following is the annual message of the Governor of New Jersey in 1713, and the reply of the Legislature to the same. They are *sound* on the score of brevity:—

"GENTLEMEN:—I am heartily glad to meet you here after so long an absence, and believe you are not sorry to meet me in so good company."

REPLY.

"YOUR EXCELLENCY:—It is with the greatest satisfaction we meet your Excellency in such good company now, and hope we shall be favored with it often."

☞ The London Times, a little jubilant over the revenue accounts of the year, tells the rebels they "will now see that cotton is not king, and that it would be far better worth England's while even to keep all her cotton operatives as pensioners until they were absorbed in other trades than to vary one point in her national policy."

☞ THE DIFFERENCE.—The Senate has passed a bill forfeiting the pay of officers absent over thirty days. On the other hand the rebel Secretary of War has dropped five North Carolina officers for prolonged and unnecessary absence from duty, and they are ordered *to report as conscripts.* This is the difference between the rule of the Union and the rule of Jeffdom, and it is a difference fruitful of great results.

☞ The La Porte paper gives the comfortable assurance that if a considerable number of unmarried ladies in this city would come that way, they would find their affinities.

LATEST NEWS.

From New Orleans.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25—New Orleans advices to the 8th inst., say that a report had been received that the Winona, one of our gunboats, had been sunk by the south battery at Port Hudson.

Also, that Stonewall Jackson, with 40,000 men, had reinforced the rebel garrison at Vicksburg.

It was reported at Key West on the 17th that the pirate Alabama was off Havana, and had sent a boat ashore.

The War in Tennessee.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 25.—The rebels Forest, Stevens and Wheeler were at Franklin yesterday with 6,000 cavalry.

The rebels attacked the bridge guards on the Chattanooga road ten miles from this city to-day, and were repulsed, two being killed and several wounded. One of our men was killed.

A fleet of 29 boats is at Clarksville with 3 gunboats and a large mail on board.

Important from Havana.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—The steamer British Queen has arrived, with Havana dates to the 19th, and Nassau to the 20th.

The Bahama Herald of the 17th announces the arrival of the British war steamer Galatea from Bermuda, and Spiteful from Havana, and says it is reported from a "highly creditable" source that the commander of the Galatea has received positive orders to take Admiral Wilkes when and wherever found, and convey him to Bermuda, where he is to be detained until further orders from England.

Miscellaneous.

The army of the Potomac started to go across the Rappahannock, but the roads were in too horrible a condition to proceed, and they turned back to the old camp. Nothing has occurred since, and all is quiet.

Admiral Porter reports having captured the ports of St. Charles, Duvall's Bluff and Des Arc, situated in the White river. The light draft boats are said to be 300 miles from the mouth of the river. A large quantity of munitions of war and several prisoners have been captured. Major-General Curtis also sends a dispatch announcing the capture of Duvall's Bluff and Des Arc.

A report has reached Washington that the Mississippi river is flowing through the Vicksburg canal.

SALT LAKE CITY, Jan. 25.—An expedition of cavalry and infantry, with two howitzers, under command of Colonel Connor, started north to-day to chastise the Indians. Six hundred Snakes are entrenched at Bear river, with rifle pits, 200 miles to the northward. They recently became outrageous, murdering the Beaver Head runners, and bidding defiance to the soldiers.

A DAVID TO THE RESCUE.

The Lancaster (Pennsylvania) Journal has the following—the incident occurred in the battle of Fair Oaks, and was related by Prof. Wickersham in a lecture:—

A rebel battery, handled in a masterly manner, was mowing our men down, and it seemed impossible to drive it from its position. The General, seeing this, rode up to the Captain of a Lancaster company.

"Captain, I want some one who will go out between those armies, and shoot the officer in command of that battery."

"Why, General, it is certain death to attempt it."

"I know it, but you see how that fire is decimating our ranks. Is there no man willing to sacrifice himself?"

"I'll see," said the Captain, turning to his men. "Boys, who of you is willing to go out between these armies and shoot yonder officer?"

A young man stepped out of the ranks—

"I'll go."

He went, seemingly to certain death.—Crawling along, he finally reached a slight elevation, behind which he was partially sheltered. There was a crack of his rifle, but the ball missed its mark. Again—steady aim—a puff of smoke! The officer is seen to throw up his arms. His gunners spring to catch him as he falls. The battery is obliged to abandon its position. The brave soldier returned.

"And," said the Professor, in a burst of enthusiasm, "I would have searched the army through, but I would have taken that young man by the hand and said to him,—'It was bravely done!' He was a teacher from this county. I will give you his name, George K. Swope."

☞ A POLITE MAN.—"My deceased uncle," says a humorous writer, "was the most polite gentleman in the world. He was making a voyage on the Danube, and the boat sunk. My uncle was just on the point of drowning. He got his head above the water for once, took off his hat, and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me?' and down he went."

☞ It is useless to talk about love in a cottage. The little rascal always runs away when there is no bread and butter on the table. There is more love in a full flour barrel than in all the roses and posies and woodbines that ever grew.

☞ The Esquimaux sometimes enclose a coiled piece of whalebone in a lump of blubber, which the bear greedily swallows; the whalebone afterward uncoiling and killing him. So we are sometimes tempted to swallow a smooth and oily general proposition, which is found, too late, to include an elastic and unsuspected one, of very different tendency.

☞ Truth is truth, and the opinions of men can never make it otherwise.

☞ A monster cheese was exhibited at the late State Fair, in Marcy, Oneida County, which was made from the milk of nine hundred cows of a single day. It was sold for fifteen cents per pound, and was purchased by a Mr. Munroe, of Rochester, for the purpose of being sold to benefit the Soldiers' Relief Fund. This must be *the cheese* we have heard so much about.

☞ A vulgar mason who had gotten immensely rich by the recent demolitions of Paris, was anxious to marry his only son to one of the daughters of Marquis de ——. He said to the Marquis: "I wish you'd let my son marry one of your girls." "Certainly; which does he want: the girl that waits in the kitchen or the girl that washes?"

CHEER THEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CORDELIA.

Now while the blasts of winter rudely sweep,
And pile the snow in many a shining wave,
Remember those who for their loved one weep—
The wife and children of the soldier brave.

All lonely sitting by their darkened hearth,
They silent list unto the wind's wild moan;
Those walls ne'er echo to the sounds of mirth,
No more is heard that once familiar tone.

Oh, matron, cheer them! spend one little hour
From out the circle of thy own loved home,
Where husband, children with a loving power,
Enchain thee so thy footsteps may not roam.

Young maiden, cheer them! with thy sunny smile
Drive far away the leaden cloud of fear,
Call Hope and Fancy to thine aid meanwhile,
And paint the picture of a meeting near.

When comes the news of fierce and deadly strife,
Of battles fought on many a bloody plain,
Of dreadful charge and fearful loss of life—
Oh, turn thou to the soldier's wife again.

And wonder not her cheek is deadly pale,
That fear has stamped its impress on her brow—
The fear that she must hear the dreadful tale,
"He is no more among the living now."

Oh, cheer them! brightly will thy deeds of love
Shine o'er them in their dark and troubled way,
And thou a recompense shalt find above,
When war and discord shall have passed away.

Fremont, Indiana.

PRINCE HASSAN AND THE OGRE.

Easter Monday, about seventeen thousand years ago, fell on Tuesday, the 1st of April; and, on that very day, the gallant young Prince Hassan, heir-apparent of All the Cashmeres, went out with hound and horn to hunt the deer. A fine buck was soon found; but as it went away twice as fast as the dogs could run after it, and the dogs ran twice as fast as the Prince could gallop, and the Prince galloped twice as fast as anybody else, you will not be surprised to hear that, after three hours' hard riding, his royal highness found himself quite alone; and moreover, on looking round him, he perceived that he was in a place where he had never been before,—a dismal valley, closed in with rocks, and without trace of a road to lead him home. To complete his misfortunes, his horse—from which he had dismounted for a moment—ran away on its own account; and, after serious reflection, he was obliged to conclude that he had lost his way, and didn't know what to do.

Presently, however, he espied in the hillside the mouth of a large cavern; and as he was exhausted with heat and thirst, he determined to enter it, in hopes of finding shelter and water. To his delight there was a cool spring rising just inside; but no sooner had he knelt down and taken a draught, than he heard a dreadful roar from the bottom of the cavern; and, looking up, he beheld a frightful ogre, who came up to him in two strides, and caught him by the waist between his finger and thumb. This monster's head was as big as a haystack; his mouth was like a great oven, with rows of grinders like immense quartern loaves; his eyes were like the red lamps that you see on railways; and as for his nose, it was such an object that there is really nothing in the world ugly enough for me to compare it to. Few ogres are handsome; but this one was so horrid and nasty, even for an ogre, that none of the other ogres would live with him, and no ogress would marry him; so he was forced to sulk by himself in this solitary bachelor cavern. His name was Uglymuggimo; but the Prince didn't know that.

"I'll teach you to come into my house and drink my water, without my leave," said the ogre, in a dreadful voice; "all's fish that comes to my net; and I shall swallow you as you would an oyster,—if you had any in Cashmere."

So saying, he went to his cupboard and took out the pepper-castor and vinegar-cruet, each of which was the size of a sentry-box.

"I am sure I am very sorry to have offended you, sir," said the Prince (though the ogre held him so tight that he could hardly speak), "I meant no harm; and as for swallowing me, I really think you had better not. I don't say this on my own account; but I am certain I'm not fit to eat; you will find me very nasty, you will, indeed."

"Ho, ho," said the ogre, "so much the better! The nastier things are, the more I like them! There's nothing that I can't swallow! Why, if you could bring me anything I couldn't swallow, I'd give you leave to cut off my head."

"Begging your honor's pardon," said the Prince, "I think I have seen a great many things that a nice, clean, good-looking gentleman like you would never be able to swallow; and if you would just let me go home and look about me a bit, I feel sure I could bring you something of the sort,—and then I hope your honor would not forget what you said just now."

"Very well," said the ogre, after reflecting a little, "I don't mind letting you have a trial—indeed as I don't happen to want you just now, it will suit me very well. I will give you leave to try four times; but mind, you must give me your word of honor to come back here every day at noon; and unless you bring me something that I can't swallow, I shall swallow you yourself on the fourth day;—that's all."

Now, you must understand that the ogre did not say this out of any mercy for the Prince; but the fact is, he liked best the things that it would make everybody else sick even to look at; and he thought this would be a good opportunity for getting a choice supply of all the dainties that he was so fond of, without any trouble; for he wanted some variety, and was tired of picking up dead dogs, and robbing the pigstyes.

The Prince gave his word to come back very gladly for he thought he should have no difficulty in bringing the ogre something that even he would find too horrible to swallow; and so the giant let him go, and showed him a back way out of the cavern, which, to his great surprise, opened on the cliffs just above his father's palace, to which he returned before he had been missed.

You may think that the ogre was rather simple for supposing that the Prince would come back again to be eaten up after he had once got away; but he knew that no Prince ever broke his word, you know, seventeen thousand years ago.

No sooner had he got home than Prince Hassan set about making a pudding, which he hoped the ogre would find too much for his stomach. He took fifty adders, fifty rats, a dozen old shoes, a hundred python's eggs (addled), and two scuttlefuls of rubbish out of the dusthole; over these he poured six bottles of blacking, tied it all up in a beggar's old shirt, and for water to boil it in, desired the Grand Mistress of the Slop-pails to bring him the dirty soap-suds from all the basins in the palace. With this precious mess he knocked at the ogre's back door exactly at twelve o'clock the next day.

"Well, my young gentleman, let us see what you have got here," said the monster, taking up the pudding; "it smells rather nice." And to the dismay of the poor Prince, instead of flinging it away in disgust, he popped it into his mouth and munched it up like a penny tart.

"Ho, ho," he said, "not bad—not bad!—Do you call that nasty? You must bring me something very different, if you expect me not to swallow it. Ho! come again to-morrow."

And then he took out an old pitchfork which he used as a toothpick, and went back to his den.

The next day the Prince thought he would be very cunning, and bring the giant a meal that he did not expect. Since he seems so fond of nasty things, he said to himself, I will try if I can't puzzle him by a dish of something very nice.

So he went round to all the pastry cooks in the town, and bought up all the twelfth-cakes, the gingerbread, apricot-jam, and barley-sugar in their shops; and again, at twelve o'clock exactly, he knocked at Uglymuggimo's door.

When the ogre saw what was brought him, he fell into a furious passion.

"How dare you bring me such disgusting rubbish?" he roared out. "Is this proper food to set before a gentleman ogre? Take it away this instant; but—no! Stop! You shan't escape me that way. I will eat it; but if you dare to play me such a trick again, I will skin you alive and stick you in my mustard pot. I will make you envy the very frogs and flies that you used to catch when you were at school! I will!" Then, holding his nose and shutting his eyes, he thrust all the dainties between his enormous jaws, and swallowed them down with a great gulp. "Ho, ho," he said, "you see *that* won't do either, my young friend. Come again to-morrow; and, remember, no more nonsense!"

This was a sad disappointment to Prince Hassan; and his only consolation was, that the expression of the giant's face raised some hopes that he was suffering from stomach-ache.

But, as he was returning home, he happened to pass the chemist's shop to which, in the days of his boyhood, his mamma used to send for black doses; for she made a rule of administering one to him the first Monday in every month, according to the ancient customs of the Court of Cashmere. The sight gave him new hopes. "I am saved!" he joyfully exclaimed; and immediately sent a herald round the town with a proclamation that all the rhubarb, all the jalap, all the castor oil, and all the senna tea that could be found should be mixed together in a tub and brought to the palace. His orders were obeyed; and, on that happy night, no physic was taken in the whole city.

The next day at twelve o'clock exactly, the Prince again went to the ogre's back door, taking his tub with him; but this time he was full of confidence.

"I have beat him this time, for certain," he said to himself; "if he were ten times an ogre he would never be able to swallow such a draught."

But bless you! no sooner had the monster seen the horrid mixture than he tossed it off like a glass of lemonade, smacking his lips after it.

When the Prince saw this, he began to despair; for he felt that his last chance was gone.

"Ho, ho," said the giant, with a dreadful grin, "don't be cast down. You have one more chance, you know; try again. Why don't you bring me such a thing as a tough, old woman, now? Perhaps I shouldn't be able to swallow that; ho, ho!" And then he laughed in such a violent and vulgar way that he shook down six large trees.

"No, no," said the Prince, "I see it would be no use; you had better take me at once and have done with it; I give up; you can swallow anything if you could swallow what I brought you just now. Besides, where should I find an old woman who would consent to take my place?"

"As for that," said the ogre, with an odious wink, "I should have thought a stout young man like you could have managed to persuade an old woman to come this way without much trouble. And as for my being able to swallow her, I don't know—I can't say—I am a little dainty sometimes—at any rate, it is worth your while to try, I should think; for remember, *to-morrow is the fourth day!* Ho, ho!"

So saying, he went back into his cave; and the Prince heard him sharpening his knife and cleaning his frying-pan in a way that froze his marrow.

The unhappy young man now gave himself up for lost, and went home to the palace in the worst possible spirits. "I shall go a very different road this time to-morrow," thought he. However, he concealed his feelings as well as he could, not to distress his parents; for he was a dutiful son. All night he lay awake; and as soon as it was day he got up and went out to take a last walk in the country, and while away the time till the dreadful hour of noon. After walking some time, he came to a wretched, tumble down old cottage; and looking in through the window (which was broken) he saw within an equally wretched and tumble-down old woman, dressed in rags, shivering with cold and lean with hunger.

"How now, Goody?" said he, walking into her miserable room through the broken door. "You don't seem over-comfortable here."

"Comfortable?" said she, in a cracked and wheezy voice, "I haven't known what that word means for these twenty years. I am old, and poor, and sick; I have got the ague, and the rheumatics, and the toothache, and the earache, and oh, such dreadful corns! I have nobody in the world to care for me; and I heartily wish I was dead, for I don't know what good I am here."

When the Prince heard the old woman talk in this way, the wicked thought which the ogre had put into his head came back to him, and began to tempt him. "Surely," he said to himself, "there can be no great harm in taking this poor wretched creature to the giant. Perhaps he won't like her, and then all will be well; but even if he does, of what value is her life, compared with the chance of saving mine? I am young, happy, beloved; my death will plunge my parents, my family, the whole nation into grief; and then what plans I had for doing good! How prosperous the people would have been under my reign! Surely I ought not to allow a weak scruple to deprive the world of the immense advantages which depend on my life; and this old thing, if she has any right feeling, ought to be proud of such an opportunity of making herself useful. If she could do any good here, it would be different; but she says herself—"

He was interrupted in these thoughts by a tapping at the broken window; and looking up, he saw a pretty white bird that had flown in.

"What is this?" said he to the old woman.

"Oh," said she, "it is a pigeon that I picked up with a broken leg when it was young. I brought it home and nursed it; and now it comes to me every day for such crumbs as I can give it."

The Prince's heart fairly smote him.

"I take this as a lesson," he said within himself, "I see now that everybody is of some use in this world; and what right have I to take any one away from his place, and determine he will not be missed? This worthy old soul has been able to do a kindness to a creature more helpless than herself: —I have had my share of comforts, and now I will bear my misfortunes for myself like a man, and not steal the life from another in the hope of saving my own." "I beg your pardon, ma'am, though you don't know what for; and pray accept my purse, for which I am afraid I have not much further use."

Then the Prince left the cottage; and as it was now getting near twelve o'clock, walked boldly towards the mountain. Meanwhile the ogre was expecting him very eagerly. The fact was, as perhaps you have guessed, that an old woman was a treat that he was particularly fond of; and he made sure that the Prince would take the hint he had given him and provide one, to try and escape from being eaten up himself; for he was so mean and cruel an ogre that he had no idea that anybody could do a generous action, or sacrifice himself rather than be unjust. He had eaten very little breakfast, on purpose to have a good appetite for his luncheon; and there he sat, licking his lips, and watching the path by which the Prince was to come; and you may fancy his rage and disappointment when he saw him coming.

"What!" he roared out, "no old woman? I must have one! Where is she? Bring her! Quick!"

"Sir," said the Prince, as bravely as he could, "I have brought you no old woman; but you see I have kept my word, and come back myself."

"You!" cried the ogre. "You, indeed! What is a poor tender young thing like you, compared to a fine, tough, bony grandmother? Why haven't you brought me one, you villain? What have you been about? Are you such a goose that you couldn't find one ever since yesterday?"

"No," said the Prince. "I did find one; but I didn't choose to bring her." And then he told the ogre all he had seen at the cottage, and all he had thought, just as I have told it to you.

As he was telling his story, the giant got into such a fury that he could hardly contain himself.

"What!" he bellowed out, as soon as the Prince had finished, "do you mean to tell me that you have been such a noodle, such a nincompoop, such a chicken-hearted baby, that when you had a chance of saving yourself at the expense of one poor old woman, you wouldn't do it? Nonsense! I'll not believe it! You must tell me some more likely story, for I CAN'T SWALLOW THAT!"

No sooner had he uttered these words, than there came a loud clap of thunder, and the monster turned as white as a sheet; and then there came a second clap, and the monster's knees began to tremble, and his teeth to chatter in his head; and then there came a third clap, and the roof of the cavern burst open, and the Lord Chief Baron of the Fairies came sailing in, seated on his great flying inkstand, drawn by twenty-four bats, with parchment wings, and traces of red tape.

"You wicked and nasty ogre," said his lordship, in a stern and awful voice, "you have spoken your own sentence, and I have come to see it put into execution. You told the Prince that you would give him leave to cut off your head if he could bring you anything that you could not swallow; you have just confessed that he has; and now your hour is come!"

So saying, he drew forth the great Sword of Justice, eighteen feet long, which he always carried in his waistcoat-pocket, and presented it to the Prince.

"Go," he said, "meritorious youth; cut the head off that vile and hateful monster, and cast it out to the kites, wolves, and foxes."

The Prince took the sword with a respectful bow, and going up to the ogre, who was now rolling on the floor, and blubbering like a great coward, as he was, flourished the weapon thrice, and then brought it down with so fair a blow on the giant's neck, that the head rolled from the shoulders; so there was an end of Uglymuggimo.

"Young man," then said the Chief Baron of the Fairies, "I am pleased with your conduct on the whole, though you allowed a base thought to get the better of you for a moment; so if there is anything that you would like, mention it before the Court rises, and I will grant it you."

"My lord," said the Prince, again bowing respectfully, "I have more than I deserve already, and I wish for nothing further for myself; but if you could do anything to make that poor old woman more comfortable who taught me so good a lesson, I should be much obliged to you."

"Very well," said his lordship, "so be it; if you call upon her as you go home, I think you will see a change for the better."

So the Prince walked cheerfully down the hill again! but when he came to the old woman's home, what do you think he saw? Instead of the wretched tumble down old hovel that he had left, he saw the prettiest, neatest, white cottage you can imagine, covered with roses and honeysuckles; and walking in, he found the old lady nicely dressed, sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, and looking as snug and happy as possible.

"Well, ma'am," said he, "how do you do again? I hope you feel a little better than you did?"

"Oh, sir!" said she, "I am sure I don't know what has come over me! All my pains have gone; the house and everything seems grown new and fresh again; and, if I only had some nice young companion to live with me and look after me a bit, I should not envy the Queen of Cashmere herself."

No sooner had she said this, than the door opened, and a pretty little maiden, dressed in white, and walking rather lame, came in with a curtsey; and without saying a word, set about getting down the cups and saucers, and making the old lady some tea.

"Who and what are you, my dear," said the dame in astonishment, "and who sent you here?"

"Please, ma'am," said the little maiden, "I am the pigeon that you were so kind to. A fine little gentleman, sitting on a flying ink-stand, touched me just now with a wand, which turned me into what you see; and then he told me to come and live with you for the rest of your days; which, I am sure, I shall be most happy to do."

So the Prince went home very well contented; but he ever afterwards took care not to lose his way out hunting.

FAITH.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

How do the rivulets find their way?
How do the flowers know the day,
And open their cups to catch the ray?

I see the germ to the sunlight reach,
And the nestlings know the old bird's speech;
I do not see who there is to teach.

I see the hare from the danger hide,
And the stars through the trackless spaces ride;
I do not see that they have a guide.

He is eyes for all who is eyes for the mole;
All motion goes to the rightful goal.
Oh, God! I can trust for the human soul!

WHAT OUGHT TO BE.

A gentleman travelling in New Hampshire, within sight of the Monadnock, was struck with the healthy appearance of a family where he called. On asking his farmer host what might be the cause, he received this reply:—

"The girls are healthy because I have avoided three great errors. They have neither been brought up on unwholesome diet, nor subjected to unwholesome modes of dress, nor kept from daily exercise in the open air. They have drank neither tea nor coffee, nor lived on any other than plain and simple food. Their dress has never been so tight as to hinder free respiration. They have exercised every day in the open air, assisting me in tending my fruit trees, and in such other occupations as are appropriate for women."

How many there are who would be benefited by such a course, as well among our farmers as in the city. The open air is a great panacea for many diseases. It is cheap and ever present. Don't refuse to take it.—*N. H. Journal of Agriculture.*

REPROVED BY A CHILD.—About the close of the last war, an English officer on returning home from camp life, went to visit a relation, and like some others who imitate their associates indulge in profane language. A little girl walked out with him to his horse; and as he was talking to her in great glee, she gently said, "I don't like to hear my cousin swear." He replied, "I know, my dear, it is wrong." In the same mild tone, she rejoined, "Well, then, if you know it is wrong, *why do you do it?*" The captain confessed to me, on relating the story, that he had never felt a reproof *so much* as the one given by that little child.

☞ "Be content with what you have," as the rat said to the trap, when he saw that he had left a part of his tail in it.

THE WINE OF LIFE.

The poet may sing of the blood red wine,
He may chant the charms of the purple vine;
But the wine I prize all others above
Is the wine of life, and its name is love.

From a ruby chalice this wine o'erflows,
Purer than crystal, as sweet as a rose;
It gladdens the soul yet never can dim;
Though thousands quaff, it is full to the brim.

It bubbles and sparkles with inward fires,
Which kindle the flame of noblest desires;
It strengthens the weak, makes the timid bold;
On the darkest lot 'tis a gleam of gold.

Makes sad hearts gay; is the rainbow of tears,
Giving hues of hope to the coming years;
Oh, rarer and dearer, this wine of mine,
Than any which flows from the purple vine!

Ye who have tasted the juice of the vine,
Whose clusters hang thick by the river Rhine,
Or have sought to quicken dead lives again
In draughts of Tokay, Madeira, Champagne,

And have found the nectar ye crave and drink,
Like apples which grow on the Caspian's brink,
Could ye taste *this* wine, 'twould new life impart—
'Tis the Wine of Love—its chalice the heart!

FEMALE COURAGE.

[We think we have seen a similar story to the following told of a lady in England or Scotland—but it will bear retelling.—*Ed. Post.*]

A striking trait of courage in a lady forms the subject of conversation at present in the French metropolis. Madame Aubry lives in a solitary *chateau*, not far from the town of ——. The family consisted only of M. Aubry, his wife, a child about a year old, and one maid servant. In the little town, every light is out by ten o'clock, and of course the most perfect solitude reigns at that hour in their house, which lies off the road, and is completely hidden by trees. One night last winter, Madame Aubry was sitting alone reading. Her husband had left her in the morning to visit a friend six or eight miles off, and, as he expected to bring home a considerable sum of money, he had taken the unusual precaution of arming himself with a pair of pistols. At about six o'clock, the lady went up to her room to put her child to bed. Her apartment was a large room on the first floor, filled up on one side by an old-fashioned chimney, and on the other by a deep and spacious alcove, near which stood her infant's cradle. The night was a gloomy one, cold and dark, and every now and then a dash of rain beat against the gothic windows. The trees in the garden bowed to the wind, and their branches came sweeping against the casement; in short, it was a night in which the solitude of the mansion was more complete and melancholy than usual. Madame Aubry sat down on a low chair near the fire, which, by its sudden flashes, cast an uncertain light over the vast apartment, throwing its antique carvings and mouldings by turns into brighter relief or deeper shade. She had her child on her lap, and had just finished preparing it for the cradle. She cast her eyes towards the alcove, to see if the cradle was ready to receive its little occupant, whose eyes were already closed. Just then, the fire flashed up brightly, and threw a strong light on the alcove, by which the lady distinguished a pair of feet, cased in heavy nailed shoes, peeping out under the curtain in front of the bed. A thousand thoughts passed through her mind in an instant. The person hidden there was a thief, perhaps an assassin—that was clear. She had no protection, no aid at hand. Her husband was not to return till eight at soonest, and it was now only half-past six. What was to be done? She did not utter a single cry, nor even start on her seat. The servant girl probably would not have had such presence of mind. The robber probably meant to remain quiet where he was till midnight, and then seize the money her husband was to bring with him; but if he should find that he was discovered, and that there was no one in the house but two women, he would not fail to leave his hiding place, and secure their silence by murdering them. Besides, might not the girl be the robber's accomplice? Several slight causes of suspicion occurred to her at once, and all these reflections passed through her mind in less time than we take to write them. She decided at once what she should do, which was, to send the girl out of the room.

"You know that dish my husband likes," said she, without betraying her alarm by the least change in the tones of her voice, "I ought to have remembered to have it got ready for supper. Go down stairs, and see about it at once."

"Does not madame require my help here, as she generally does?"

"No, no, I will attend to everything myself. I know my husband would not be pleased, if he was to come home after his ride, in such bad weather, and not find a good supper ready."

After some delays, which increased in the lady's mind that suspicion which she was forced to conceal, the girl left the room. The noise of her steps on the stairs died away gradually, and Madame Aubry was left alone with her child, with those two feet, motionless at their post, still peeping out under the curtain. She kept by the fire, with her child on her lap, continuing to caress it and sing to it, almost mechanically. The child cried; it wanted to be put to bed, but its cradle was near the alcove—near those dreadful feet, how could she find courage to go near them! At last, she made a violent effort. "Come, my child," said she, and got up. Hardly able to stand erect, she walked towards the alcove, close to the robber. She put the child in the cradle, singing it to sleep as usual. We may imagine how much inclination she had to sing. When the child fell asleep, she left it, and resumed her seat by the fire. She did not dare to leave the room; it would arouse the suspicions of the robber, and of the girl, probably his accomplice. Besides, she could not bear the thought of leaving her child, even if it was to purchase her own safety. The clock pointed to seven. An hour yet, a whole hour, before her husband would come! Her eyes were fixed on those feet, which threatened her with death at any moment, with a sort of fascination. The deepest silence reigned in the room. The infant slept quietly. We do not know whether even an Amazon, in her place, would have been bold enough to try a struggle with the robber. Madame Aubry had no arms; besides, she made no claims to valor, but only to that passive courage, founded on reflection, which is far the rarer of the two. Every few minutes she would hear a noise in the garden. In that noise, a ray of hope shone on her for a moment—it was her husband, it was deliverance! But no—it was only the wind and rain, or the shutters creaking. What an age every minute seemed to be. Oh, heavens! the feet moved! Does the thief mean to leave his hiding-place! No. It was only a slight, probably involuntary movement, to ease himself by changing his position. The clock strikes—only once, it is the half hour only—and the clock is too fast, besides! How much anguish, how many silent prayers in these trying minutes! She took up a book of devotion and tried to read, but her eyes *would* wander from the page to fix on those heavy shoes. All at once a thought arose that chilled her to the very heart. Suppose her husband should not come! The weather is stormy, and he has relatives in the village he went to. Perhaps they have persuaded him it was unsafe to travel at night with so large a sum of money about him; perhaps they have forced him, with friendly violence, to yield to their urgent invitations to wait till morning. It is striking eight—and nobody comes. The idea we have alluded to, appears to her more and more probable. After two hours of such agony, the unhappy lady, whose courage had been kept up by the hope of final rescue, feels her strength and hope fail her. Soon she hears a noise under the window, and listens, doubtfully. This time she is not mistaken. The heavy outer-door creaks on its hinges, and shuts with clamor; a well known step is heard on the stairs, and a man enters—a tall, stout man. It is he, it is he! At that moment, if he had been the worst of all husbands, he would have been perfection in his wife's eyes.—He had only taken off his wet cloak and put away his pistols, and delighted at again seeing what he most loves on earth, open his arms to embrace his wife. She clasps him convulsively, but in a moment recovering her self-possession, puts her finger on his lips, and points to the two feet peeping out under the curtain.

If M. Aubry had been wanting in presence of mind, he would not have deserved to be the husband of such a woman. He made a slight gesture to show he understood her, and said aloud, "Excuse me, my dear, I left the money down stairs. I'll be back in two minutes." Within that time he returned, pistol in hand. He looks at the priming, walks to the alcove, stoops, and while the forefinger of his right hand is on the trigger, with the other hand he seizes one of the feet, and cries in a voice of thunder, "Surrender, or you're a dead man!" He drags by the feet into the middle of the room a man of most ill-favored aspect, crouching low to avoid the pistol which is held within an inch of his head. He is searched, and a sharp dagger found on him. He confesses that the girl was his accomplice, and had told him M. Aubry would bring a large sum home that night. Nothing remains now, but to give them over to the authorities. Madame Aubry asked her husband to pardon them, but the voice of duty is louder than that of pity. When M. Aubry heard from his wife all she had gone through he could only say, "Who would have thought you so courageous!" but in spite of her courage, she was attacked that night with a violent nervous fever, and did not get over her heroism for several days.

SCHOOLS.

Read the following excellent suggestions about schools, by the editor of the American Agriculturist:—

The man or woman who drops into the school-house often, and shows an interest in the pupils and in their comfort, is a public benefactor. Both teachers and scholars are encouraged to good behavior and to extra efforts. Who does not remember the stimulus to the whole school, of a visit from a parent or other person? A school visited two or three times a week, the visitor insisting that no show or change of programme be made, but that all things go on in regular course, will generally be twice as prosperous as the school never visited. No one should leave others to attend to this matter. The public school should be the pet and pride of every good citizen of the district. Visit it often as a recognized friend, not a morose critic. If the good deeds be sought out and appreciated, an occasional hint for improvement, in a kind tone, will be kindly received and acted upon by both teachers and scholars. Speaking evil or disrespectfully of the teacher in the hearing of your children, or those who will repeat the words in their presence, inflicts a lasting injury upon them.—Get the best teacher possible, and uphold him, or her, so long as employed, *for the children's sake.* We have known a school deprived of all efficiency, by a thoughtless word about the teacher dropped by a parent in the presence of his child, and repeated by the child to other scholars.

☞ "How dreadful that cigar smells!" exclaimed Cushing to a companion; "why, it's an *awful* smelling thing!" "Oh, no; it's not the cigar that smells," was the reply. "What is it then?" inquired Cushing. "Why, it's your nose that smells, of course—that's what noses are made for."

☞ It was a good piece of advice given by a sergeant-at-law to a counseller, that he should not "show anger, but show cause."

A LITTLE GRAVE.

A little grave where daisies grow;
A little body lying low;
That is all the world may know.
But our hearts
Hold a baby sweet and fair,
A little child with sunny hair,
Child of tenderest love and care—
Meenie, Meenie!

In the sweet spring of her day,
We gave her to the lonely clay,
From our tear-dimmed eyes away.
How we loved her, none can tell;
They who have loved like us, as well,
Loved and lost, alone may tell—
Meenie, Meenie!

Wistful shadows in her eyes,
Like the dreamy haze that lies
Trembling in the summer skies;
And the burden of a fear,
All unspoken, yet so near,
Fell on us that weary year—
Meenie, Meenie!

Shrinking from the children's glee,
Keeping close to mother's knee,
Or in arms that tenderly
Watched her fading, faded she—
Faded she, our blossom fair,
Our little child with sunny hair,
Child of tenderest love and care—
Meenie, Meenie!

Swift the seasons come and go;
Thickly falls the drifting snow
O'er a little grave we know;
But her feet
Have passed in at a pearly door,
Have trod the shining golden floor,
Fair and fadeless evermore—
Meenie, Meenie!

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LXI.

LIGHT THROWN ON OBSCURITY.

And so, the trouble and the uncertainty, the ups and the downs, the turnings out and the changes were at an end, and Lionel Verner was at rest. At rest, so far as rest can be, in this unstable world. He was reinstalled at Verner's Pride, its undisputed master; never again to be sent forth from it during life.

He had not done as John Massingbird did—gone right in, the first day, and taken up his place, sans ceremonie, without word and without apology, at the table's head, leaving John to take his at the side or the foot, or where he could. Quite the contrary. Lionel's refinement of mind, his almost sensitive consideration for the feelings of others, clung to him now, as it always had done, as it always would do, and he was chary of disturbing John Massingbird too early in his sway of the internal economy of Verner's Pride. It had to be done, however; and John Massingbird remained on with him, his guest.

All that had passed; and the spring of the year was growing late. The codicil had been proved; the neighborhood had tendered their congratulations to the new master, come into his own at last; the improvements, in which Lionel's conscience held so deep a score, were begun and in good progress; and John Massingbird's return to Australia was decided upon, and the day of his departure fixed. People surmised that Lionel would be glad to get rid of him, if only for the sake of his drawing-rooms. John Massingbird still lounged at full length on the amber satin couches, in dropping-off slippers or in dirty boots, as the case might be, still filled them with clouds of tobacco-smoke, so that you could not see across them. Mrs. Tynn declared, to as many people as she dared, that she prayed every night on her bended knees for Mr. Massingbird's departure, before the furniture should be quite ruined, or they burnt in their beds.

Mr. Massingbird was not going alone. Luke Roy was returning with him. Luke's intention always had been to return to Australia; he had but come home for a short visit to the old place and to see his mother. Luke had been doing well at the gold-fields. He did not dig, but he sold liquor to those who did dig; at which he was making money rapidly. He had a "chum," he said, who managed the store while he was away. So glowing was his account of his prospects, that old Roy had decided upon going also, and trying his fortune there. Mrs. Roy looked aghast at the projected plan; she was too old for it, she urged. But she could not turn her husband. He had never studied her wishes too much and he was not likely to begin to do so now. So Mrs. Roy, with incessantly dropping tears, and continued prognostications that the sea sickness would kill her, was forced to make her preparations for the voyage. Perhaps one motive, more than all else, had influenced Roy's decision—the getting out of Deerham. Since his hopes of having something to do with the Verner's Pride estate—as he had in Stephen Verner's time—had been at an end, Roy had gone about in a perpetual state of inward mortification. This emigration would put an end to [illegible]; and what with the anticipation of making [illegible] fortune at the diggings, and what with his satisfaction at saying adieu to Deerham, and what with the thwarting of his wife, Roy was in a fever of complacency.

The time went on to the evening previous to the departure. Lionel and John Massingbird had dined alone, and now sat together at the open window, in the soft May twilight. A small table was at John's elbow, a bottle of rum, a jar of tobacco, water and a glass being on it, ready to his hand. He had done his best to infect Lionel with a taste for rum-and-water—as a convenient beverage to be taken at any hour from seven o'clock in the morning onwards—but Lionel had been proof against it. John had the rum-drinking to himself, as he had the smoking. Lionel had behaved to him liberally. It was not in Lionel Verner's nature to behave otherwise, no matter to whom. From the moment the codicil was found, John Massingbird had no further right to a single sixpence of the revenues of the estate. He was in the position of one who has nothing. It was Lionel who had found means for all; for his expenses; his voyage; for a purse when he should get to Australia. John Massingbird was thinking of this as he sat now, smoking and taking draughts of the rum-and-water.

"If ever I turn to work with a will and become a hundred-thousand-pound man, old fellow," he suddenly broke out, "I'll pay you back. This, and also what I got rid of while the estate was in my hands."

Lionel, who had been looking from the window in a reverie, turned round and laughed. To imagine John Massingbird becoming a hundred-thousand-pound man through his own industry, was a stretch of fancy marvellously comprehensive.

"I have to make a clean breast of it to-night," resumed John Massingbird, after puffing away for some minutes in silence. "Do you remember my saying to you the day we heard news of the codicil's being found, that I was in your debt?"

"I remember your saying it," replied Lionel. "I did not understand what you meant. You were not in my debt."

"Yes I was. I had a score to pay off as big as the moon. It's as big still; for it's one that never can be paid off; never will be."

Lionel looked at him in surprise; his manner was so unusually serious.

"Fifty times, since I came back from Australia, have I been on the point of clearing myself of the secret. But you see, there was Verner's Pride in the way. You would naturally have said upon hearing it, 'Give the place up to me; you can have no moral right to it.' And I was not prepared to give it up; it seemed too comfortable a nest, just at first, after the knocking about over yonder. Don't you perceive?"

"I don't perceive, and I don't understand," replied Lionel. "You are speaking in an unknown language."

"I'll speak in a known one, then. It was through me that old Ste Verner left Verner's Pride away from you."

"What!" uttered Lionel.

"True," nodded John, with composure. "I told him a—a bit of scandal of you. And the strait-laced old simpleton took and altered his will on the strength of it. I did not know of that until afterwards."

"And the scandal?" asked Lionel, quietly. "What may it have been?"

"False scandal," carelessly answered John Massingbird. "But I thought it was true when I spoke it. I told your uncle that it was you who had played false with Rachel Frost."

"Massingbird!"

"Don't fancy I went to him open-mouthed, and said, 'Lionel Verner's the man.' A fellow who could do such a sneaking trick would be only fit for hanging. The avowal to him was surprised from me in an unguarded moment; it slipped out in self-defence. I'd better tell you the tale."

"I think you had," said Lionel.

"You remember the bother there was, the commotion, the night Rachel was drowned. I came home and found Mr. Verner sitting at the inquiry. It never struck me, then, to suspect that it could be any one of us three who had been in the quarrel with Rachel. I knew that I had had no finger in the pie; I had no cause to think that you had; and, as to Fred, I'd as soon have suspected staid old Verner himself; besides, I believed Fred to have eyes only for Sibylla West. Not but what the affair appeared to me unaccountably strange; for, beyond Verner's Pride, I did not think Rachel possessed an acquaintance."

He stopped to take a few whiffs at his pipe, and then resumed, Lionel listening in silence.

"On the following morning by daylight I went down to the pond, the scene of the previous night. A few stragglers were already there. As we were looking about and talking, I saw on the very brink of the pond, partially hidden in the grass,—in fact trodden into it, as it seemed to me,—a glove. I picked it up, and was on the point of calling out that I had found a glove, when it struck me that the glove was yours. The others had seen me stoop, and one of them asked if I had found anything. I said 'No.' I had crushed the glove in my hand, and presently I transferred it to my pocket."

"Your motive being good nature to me?" interrupted Lionel.

"To be sure it was. To have shown that, as Lionel Verner's glove, would have fixed the affair on your shoulders at once. Why should I tell? I had been in scrapes myself. And I kept it, saying nothing to anybody. I examined the glove privately, saw it was really yours, and of course I drew my own conclusions—that it was you who had been in the quarrel. Though what cause of dispute you could have with Rachel, I was at a loss to divine. Next came the inquest, and the medical men's revelation at it; and that cleared up the mystery. 'Ho, ho,' I said to myself, 'so Master Lionel can do a bit of courting on his own account, steady as he seems.' I—"

"Did you assume I threw her into the pond?" again interposed Lionel.

"Not a bit of it. What next, Lionel? The ignoring of some of the Commandments comes natural enough to the conscience; but the sixth—one does not ignore that. I believed that you and Rachel might have come to mutual logger-heads, and that she, in a passion, flung herself in. I held the glove still in my pocket; it seemed to be the safest place for it; and I intended, before I left, to hand it over to you, and to give you my word I'd keep counsel. On the night of the inquest, you were closeted in the study with Mr. Verner. I chafed at it, for I wished to be closeted with him myself. Unless I could get off from Verner's Pride the next day, there would be no chance of my sailing in the projected ship—where our passages had been already secured by Luke Roy. By-and-by you came into the dining-room—do you remember it?—and told me Mr. Verner wanted me in the study. It was just what *I* wanted; and I went in. I shan't forget my surprise to the last hour of my life. His greeting was an accusation of me; of *me*; that it was I who had played false with Rachel. He had proof, he said. One of the house girls had seen one of us three young men coming from the scene that night—and he, Stephen Verner, knew it could only be me. Fred was too cautious, he said; Lionel he could depend upon; and he bitterly declared that he would not give me a penny piece of the promised money, to take me on my way. A pretty state of things, was it not, Lionel, to have one's projects put an end to in that manner! In my dismay and anger, I blurted out the truth; that one of us might have been seen coming from the scene, but it was not myself; it was Lionel; and I took the glove out of my pocket, and showed it to him."

John Massingbird paused to take a draught of the rum-and-water, and then resumed.

"I never saw any man so agitated as Mr. Verner. Upon my word, had I foreseen the effect the news would have had upon him, I hardly think I should have told it. His face turned ghastly; he lay back in his chair, uttering groans of despair; in short, it had completely prostrated him. I never knew how deeply he must have been attached to you, Lionel, until that night."

"He believed the story?" said Lionel.

"Of course he believed it," assented John Massingbird. "I told it him as a certainty, as a thing about which there was no admission for the slightest doubt; I assumed it, myself, to be a certainty. When he was a little recovered, he took possession of the glove, and bound me to secrecy. You would never have forgotten it, Lionel, had you seen his shaking hands, his imploring eyes, heard his voice of despair; all lifted to beseech secrecy for you—for the sake of his dead brother—for the name of Verner—for his own sake. I heartily promised it: and he handed me over a more liberal sum than even I had expected, enjoined me to depart with the morrow's dawn, and bade me God speed. I believe he was glad that I was going, lest I might drop some chance word during the present excitement of Deerham, and by those means direct suspicion to you. He need not have feared. I was already abusing myself mentally for having told *him*, although it had gained me my ends: 'Live and let live' had been my motto hitherto. The interview was nearly over when you came to interrupt it, asking if Mr. Verner would see Robin Frost. Mr. Verner answered that he might come in. He came; you and Fred with him. Do you recollect old Verner's excitement?—his vehement words in answer to Robin's request that a reward should be posted up? 'He'll never be found, Robin—the villain will never be found, so long as you and I and the world shall last.' I recollect them, you see, word for word, to this hour: but none, save myself, knew what caused Mr. Verner's excitement, or that the word 'villain' was applied to you. Upon my word and honor, old boy, I felt as if I had the deeper right to it; and I felt angry with old Verner for looking at the affair in so strong a light. But there was no help for it. I went away the next morning—"

"Stay," interrupted Lionel. "A single word to me would have set the misapprehension straight. Why did you not speak it?"

"I wish I had, now. But—it wasn't done. There! The knowledge that turns up with the future we can't call to aid in the present. If I had had a doubt that it was you I should have spoken. We were some days out at sea on our voyage to Australia when I and Luke got comparing notes; and I found, to my everlasting astonishment, that it was not you, after all, who had been with Rachel, but Fred."

"You should have written home, to do me justice with Mr. Verner. You ought not to have delayed one instant, when the knowledge came to you."

"And how was I to send the letter? Chuck it into the sea in the ship's wake, and give it orders to swim back to port?"

"You might have posted it at the first place you touched at."

"Look here, Lionel. I never regarded it in that grave light. How was I to suppose that old Verner would disinherit you for that trumpery escapade? I never knew why he had disinherited you, until I came home and heard from yourself the story of the enclosed glove, which he left you as a legacy. It's since then that I have been wanting to make a clean breast of it. I say, only fancy Fred's deepness! We should never have thought it of him. The quarrel between him and Rachel that night appeared to arise from the fact of her having seen him with Sibylla; having overheard that there was more between them than was pleasant to *her*. At least, so far as Luke could gather it. Lionel, what should have brought your glove lying by the pond?"

"I am unable to say. I had not been there, to drop it. The most feasible solution that I can come to, is, that Rachel may have had it about her for the purpose of mending, and let it drop herself, when she fell in, or jumped in."

"Ay. That's the most likely. There was a hole in it, I remember; and it was Rachel who attended to such things in the household. It must have been so."

Lionel fell into a reverie. How—but for this mistake of John Massingbird's, this revelation to his uncle—the whole course of his life's events might have been changed! Verner's Pride left to him, never left at all to the Massingbirds, it was scarcely likely that Sibylla, in returning home, would have driven to Verner's Pride. Had she *not* driven to it that night, he might never have been so surprised by his old feelings as to have proposed to her. He might have married Lucy Tempest; have lived, sheltered with her in Verner's Pride from the storms of life; he might—

"Will you forgive me, old chap?"

It was John Massingbird who spoke, interrupting his day dreams. Lionel shook them off, and took the offered hand, stretched out.

"Yes," he heartily said. "You did not do me the injury intentionally. It was the result of a mistake, led to by circumstances."

"No, that I did not, by Jove!" answered John Massingbird. "I don't think I ever did a fellow an intentional injury in my life. You would have been the last I should single out for it. I have had many ups and downs, Lionel, but somehow I have hitherto always managed to alight on my legs; and I believe it's because I let other folks get along. Tit for tat, you see. A fellow who is for ever putting his hindering spoke in the wheel of others, is safe to get hindering spokes put into his. I am not a pattern model," comically added John Massingbird; "but I have never done willful injury to others, and my worst enemy (if I possess one) can't charge it upon me."

True enough. With all Mr. John Massingbird's failings, his heart was not a bad one. In the old days his escapades had been numerous; his brother Frederick's, none, (so far as the world knew); but the one was liked a thousand times better than the other.

"We part friends, old fellow!" he said to Lionel the following morning, when all was ready, and the final moment of departure had come.

"To be sure we do," answered Lionel. "Should England ever see you again, you will not forget Verner's Pride."

"I don't think it ever will see me again. Thanks, old chap, all the same. Should I be done up some unlucky day for the want of a twenty-pound note, you won't refuse to let me have it, for old times' sake?"

"Very well," laughed Lionel. And so they parted. And Verner's Pride was quit of Mr. John Massingbird, and Deerham of its long-looked upon *bete noire*, old Grip Roy. Luke had gone forward to make arrangements for the sailing, as he had done once before; and Mrs. Roy took her seat with her husband in a third class carriage, crying enough tears to float the train.

CHAPTER LXII.

AT LAST.

As a matter of course, the discovery of the codicil, and the grave charge it served to establish against Dr. West, could not be hid under a bushel. Deerham was remarkably free in its comments, and was pleased to rake up various unpleasant reports, which from time to time in the former days had arisen, touching that gentleman. Deerham might say what it liked, and nobody be much the worse; but a more serious question arose with Jan. Easy as Jan was, little given to think ill, even he could not look over this. Jan felt that if he would maintain his respectability as a medical man and a gentleman, if he would retain his higher class of patients, he must give up his association with Dr. West.

The finding of the codicil had been communicated to Dr. West by Matiss, the lawyer, who officially demanded at the same time an explanation of its having been placed where it was found. The doctor replied to the communication, but conveniently ignored the question. He was "charmed" to hear that the long-missing deed was found, which restored Verner's Pride to the rightful owner, Lionel Verner: but he appeared not to have read, or else not to have understood the very broad hint implicating himself; for, not a word was returned to that part, in answer.—The silence was not less a conclusive proof than the admission of guilt would have been; and it was so regarded by those concerned.

Jan was the next to write. A characteristic letter. He said not a word of reproach to the doctor; he appeared, indeed, to ignore the facts as completely as the doctor himself had done in his answer to Matiss; he simply said that he would prefer to "get along" now alone. The practice had much increased, and there was room for them both. He would remove to another residence; a lodging would do, he said; and run his chance of patients coming to him. It was not his intention to take one from Dr. West by solicitation. The doctor could either come back and resume practice in person, or take a partner in the place of him, Jan.

To this a bland answer was received. Dr. West was agreeable to the dissolution of partnership; but he had no intention of resuming practice in Deerham. He and his noble charge (who was decidedly benefitting by his care, skill, and companionship, he elaborately wrote), were upon the best of terms: his engagement with him was likely to be a long one (for the poor youth would require a personal guide up to his fortieth year, nay, to his eightieth, if he lived so long); and therefore (not to be fettered) he, Dr. West, was anxious to sever his ties with Deerham. If Mr. Jan would undertake to pay him a trifling sum, say five hundred pounds, or so, he could have the entire business; and the purchase money, if more convenient, might be paid by instalments. Mr. Jan of course would become sole proprietor of the house, (the rent of which had hitherto been paid out of the joint concern,) but perhaps he would not object to allow those "two poor old things, Deborah and Amilly, a corner in it." *He* should of course undertake to provide for them, remitting them a liberal annual sum.

In writing this, fair, nay liberal, as the offered terms appeared to the sight of single-hearted Jan, Dr. West had probably had as great an eye as ever to his own interest. It was the result of mature consideration. He had a shrewd suspicion that, the house divided, his, Dr. West's, would stand but a poor chance against Jan Verner's. That Jan would be entirely true and honorable in not soliciting the old patients to come to him, he knew—but he equally knew that the patients would flock to Jan unsolicited. Dr. West had not lived in ignorance of what was going on in Deerham; he had one or two private correspondents there; besides the open ones, his daughters and Jan; and he had learnt how popular Jan had grown with all classes. Yes, it was decidedly politic on Dr. West's part to offer Jan terms of purchase. And Jan closed with them.

"I couldn't have done it six months ago, you know, Lionel," he said to his brother.—"But now that you have come in again to Verner's Pride, you won't care to have my earnings any longer."

"What I shall care for now, Jan, will be to repay you; so far as I can. The money can be repaid: the kindness never."

"Law!" cried Jan, "that's nothing.—Wouldn't you have done as much for me?—To go back to old West: I shall be able to complete the purchase in little more than a year, taking it out of the profits. The expenses will be something considerable.—There'll be the house, and the horses, for I must have two, and I shall take a qualified assistant as soon as Cheese leaves, which will be in autumn; but there'll be a margin of six or seven hundred a year profit left me then. And the business is increasing. Yes, I shall be able to pay him out in a year or thereabouts. In offering me these easy terms, I think he is behaving liberally.—Don't you, Lionel?"

"That may be a matter of opinion, Jan," was Lionel's answer. "He has stood to me in the relation of father-in-law, and I don't care to express mine too definitely. He is wise enough to know that when you leave him, his chance of practice is gone. But I don't advise you to cavil with the terms. I should say accept them."

"I have done it," answered Jan. "I wrote this morning. I must get a new brass plate for the door. 'Jan Verner, Surgeon, &c.,' in place of the present one, 'West & Verner.'"

"I think I should put Janus Verner, instead of Jan," suggested Lionel, with a half smile.

"Law!" repeated Jan. "Nobody would know it was meant for me if I put Janus.—Shall I have 'Mr.' tacked on to it, Lionel?—'Mr. Jan Verner.'"

"Of course you will," answered Lionel.—"What is going to be done about Deborah and Amilly West?"

"In what way?"

"As to their residence?"

"You saw what Dr. West says in his letter. They can stop."

"It is not a desirable arrangement, Jan, their remaining in the house."

"They won't hurt me," responded Jan.—"They are welcome."

"I think, Jan, your connection with the West family should be entirely closed. The opportunity offers now: and if not embraced, you don't know when another may arise.—Suppose, a short while hence, you were to marry? It might be painful to your feelings then, to have to say to Deborah and Amilly—'You must leave my house: there's no further place for you in it.' Now, in this dissolution of partnership, the change can take place as in the natural course of events."

Jan had opened his great eyes wonderingly at the words.

"I, marry!" uttered he. "What should bring me marrying?"

"You may be marrying sometime, Jan."

"Not I," answered Jan. "Nobody would have me. "They can stop on in the house, Lionel. What does it matter? I don't see how I and Cheese could get on without them. Who'd make the pies? Cheese would die of chagrin, if he didn't get one every day."

"I see a great deal of inconvenience in the way," persisted Lionel. "The house will be yours then. Upon what terms would they remain? As visitors, as lodgers—as what?"

Jan opened his eyes wider.

"Visitors! lodgers!" cried he. "I don't know what you mean, Lionel. They'd stop on as they always have done—as though the house were theirs. They'd be welcome, for me."

"You must do as you like, Jan. But I do not think the arrangement a desirable one—It would be establishing a claim which Dr. West may be presuming upon later. With his daughters in the house, as of right, he may be for coming back some time and taking up his abode in it. It would be better for you and the Miss Wests to separate; to have your establishments apart."

"I shall never turn them out," said Jan.—"They'd break their hearts. Look at the buttons, too! "Who'd sew them on?—Cheese bursts off two a day, good."

"As you please, Jan. My motive in speaking was not ill nature towards the Miss Wests: but regard for you. As the sisters of my late wife, I shall take care that they do not want—should their resources from Dr. West fail. He speaks of allowing them a liberal sum annually: but I fear they must not make sure that the promise will be carried out. Should it not be, they will have no one to look to, I expect, but myself."

"They won't want much," said Jan.—"Just a trifle for their bonnets and shoes, and such like. I shall pay the house bills, you know. In fact I'd as soon give them enough for their clothes, as not. I dare say I should save it, even the first year, after paying expenses and old West's five hundred."

It was hopeless to contend with Jan upon the subject of money, especially when it was *his* money. Lionel said no more. But he had not the slightest doubt it would end in Jan's house being saddled with the Miss Wests: and that help for them from Dr. West would never come.

Miss West herself was thinking the same.

This conversation, between Jan and Lionel, had taken place at Verner's Pride, in the afternoon of the morning which had witnessed the arrival of Dr. West's letter. Deborah West had also received one from her father. She learnt by it that he was about to retire from the partnership, and that Mr. Jan Verner would carry on the practice alone. The doctor intimated that she and Amilly would continue to live on in the house with Mr. Jan's permission, whom he had asked to afford them houseroom: and he more loudly promised to transmit them one hundred pounds per annum, in different payments, as might be convenient to him.

The letter was read three times over by both sisters. Amilly did not like it, but upon Deborah it made a painfully deep impression. Poor ladies! Since the discovery of the codicil they had gone about Deerham with veils over their faces and their heads down, inclined to think that lots in this world were dealt out all too unequally.

At the very time that Jan was at Verner's Pride that afternoon, Deborah sat alone in the dining-room, pondering over the future. Since the finding of the codicil, neither of the sisters had cared to seat themselves in state in the drawing-room, ready to receive visitors, should they call. They had no heart for it. They chose, rather, to sit in plain attire, and hide themselves in the humblest and most retired room. They took no pride now in anointing their scanty curls with castor oil, in contriving for their dress, in setting off their persons. Vanity seemed to have gone out for Deborah and Amilly West.

Deborah sat there in the dining-room, her hair looking grievously thin, her morning dress of black print with white spots upon it not changed for the old turned black silk of the afternoon. Her elbow rested on the faded and not very clean table cover, and her fingers were running unconsciously through that scanty hair. The prospect before her looked, to her mind, as hopelessly forlorn as she looked.

But it was necessary that she should gaze at the future steadily; should not turn aside from it in carelessness or in apathy; should face it, and make the best of it. If Jan Verner and her father were about to dissolve partnership, and the practice henceforth was to be Jan's, what was to become of her and Amilly? Taught by past experience, she knew how much dependence was to be placed upon her father's promise to pay to them an income. Very little reliance indeed could be placed on Dr. West in any way; this very letter in her hand and the tidings it contained, might be true, or might be pretty little cullings from Dr. West's imagination. The proposed dissolution of partnership she believed in: she had expected Jan to take the step ever since that night which restored the codicil.

"I had better ask Mr. Jan about it," she murmured. "It is of no use to remain in this uncertainty."

Rising from her seat, she proceeded to the side-door, opened it, and glanced cautiously out, through the rain, not caring to be seen by strangers in her present attire. There was nobody about, and she crossed the little path and entered the surgery. Master Cheese, with somewhat of a scorchy look in the eyebrows, but full of strength and appetite as ever, turned round at her entrance.

"Is Mr. Jan in?" she asked.

"No, he is not," responded Master Cheese, speaking indistinctly, for he had just filled his mouth with Spanish liquorice. "Did you want him, Miss Deb?"

"I wanted to speak to him," she replied. "Will he be long?"

"He didn't announce the hour of his return," replied Master Cheese. "I wish he *would* come back! If a message comes for one of us, I don't care to go out in this rain: Jan doesn't mind it. It's sure to be my luck! The other day, when it was pouring cats and dogs, a summons came from Lady Hautley's. Jan was out, and I had to go, and got dripping wet. After all, it was only my lady's maid, with a rubbishing whitlow on her finger."

"Be so kind as to tell Mr. Jan, when he does come in, that I should be glad to speak a word to him, if he can find time to step into the parlor."

Miss Deb turned back as she spoke, ran across through the rain, and sat down in the parlor, as before. She knew that she ought to go up and dress, but she had not spirits for it.

She sat there until Jan entered. Full an hour, it must have been, and she had turned over all points in her mind, what could and what could not be done. It did not appear much that could be. Jan came in, rather wet. On his road from Verner's Pride he had overtaken one of his poor patients, who was in delicate health, and had lent the woman his huge cotton umbrella, hastening on himself without one.

"Cheese says you wish to see me, Miss Deb."

Miss Deb turned round from her listless attitude, and asked Mr. Jan to take a chair. Mr. Jan responded by partially sitting down on the arm of one.

"What is it?" asked he, rather wondering.

"I have had a letter from Prussia this morning, Mr. Jan, from my father. He says you and he are about to dissolve partnership; that the practice will be carried on by you alone, on your own account; and that—but you had better read it," she broke off, taking the letter from her pocket, and handing it to Jan.

He ran his eyes over it. Dr. West's was not a plain handwriting, but Jan was accustomed to it. The letter was soon read.

"It is true, Miss Deb," said he. "The doctor thinks he shall not be returning to Deerham, and so I am going to take the whole of the practice," continued Jan, who possessed too much innate good feeling to hint to Miss Deb of any other cause.

"Yes. But—it will place me and Amilly in a very embarrassing position, Mr. Jan," added the poor lady, her thin cheeks flushing painfully. "I—we shall have no right to remain in this house then."

"You are welcome to remain," said Jan.

Miss Deb shook her head. She felt, as she said, that they should have no "right."

"I'd rather you did," pursued Jan, in his good nature. "What do I and Cheese want with all this big house to ourselves? Besides, if you and Amilly go, who'd see to our shirts and the puddings?"

"When papa went away at first, was there not some arrangement made by which the furniture became yours?"

"No," stoutly answered Jan. "I paid something to him, to give me, as he called it, a half-share in it with himself. It was a stupid sort of arrangement, and one that I should never care to act upon, Miss Deb. The furniture is yours; not mine."

"Mr. Jan, you would give up your right in everything, I believe. You will never get rich."

"I shall get as rich as I want to, I daresay," was Jan's answer. "Things can go on just the same as usual, you know, Miss Deb, and I can pay the housekeeping bills. Your stopping here will be a 'saving,'" good naturedly added Jan. "With nobody in the house to manage, except servants, only think the waste there'd be! Cheese would be for getting two dinners a-day served, fish, and fowls, and tarts at each."

The tears were struggling in Deborah West's eyes. She did her best to repress them: but it could not be, and she gave way with a burst.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jan," she said. "Sometimes I feel as if there was no longer any place in the world for me and Amilly. You may be sure I would not mention it, but that you know it as well as I do—that there is, I fear, no dependence to be placed on this promise of papa's, to allow us an income. I have been thinking—"

"Don't let that trouble you, Miss Deb," interrupted Jan, tilting himself backwards over the arm of the chair in a very ungraceful fashion, and leaving his legs dangling. "Others will, if he wo—if he can't. Lionel has just been saying that as Sibylla's sisters, he shall see that you don't want."

"You and he are very kind," she answered, the tears dropping faster than she could wipe them away. "But it seems to me the time is come when we ought to try and do something for ourselves. I have been thinking, Mr. Jan, that we might get a few pupils, I and Amilly. There's not a single good school in Deerham, as you know; I think we might establish one."

"So you might," said Jan, "if you'd like it."

"We should both like it. And perhaps you'd not mind our staying on in this house while we were getting a few together; establishing it, as it were. They would not put you out, I hope, Mr. Jan."

"Not they," answered Jan. "I shouldn't eat them. Look here, Miss Deb, I'd doctor them for nothing. Couldn't you put that in the prospectus. It might prove an attraction."

It was a novel feature in a school prospectus, and Miss Deb had to take some minutes to consider it. She came to the conclusion that it would look remarkably well in print. "Medical attendance gratis."

"Including physic," put in Jan.

"Medical attendance gratis, including physic," repeated Miss Deb. "Mr. Jan, it would be sure to take with the parents. I am so much obliged to you. But I hope," she added, moderating her tone of satisfaction, "that they'd not think it meant Master Cheese. People would not have much faith in him, I fear."

"Tell them to the contrary," answered Jan. "And Cheese will be leaving shortly, you know."

"True," said Miss Deb. "Mr. Jan," she added, a strange eagerness in her tone, in her meek, blue eyes, "if we, I and Amilly, can only get into the way of doing something for ourselves, by which we may be a little independent, and look forward to be kept out of the workhouse in our old age, we shall feel as if removed from a dreadful nightmare. Circumstances have been preying upon us, Mr. Jan: the care is making us begin to look old before we might have looked it."

Jan answered with a laugh. That notion of the workhouse was so good, he said. As well set on and think that he should come to the penitentiary! It had been no laughing matter, though, to the hearts of the two sisters, and Miss Deb sat on, crying silent tears.

How many of these silent tears must be shed in the path through life! It would appear that the lot of some is only made to shed them, and to bear.

Meanwhile the spring was going on to summer—and in the strict order of precedence this conversation of Miss Deb's with Jan ought to have been related before the departure of John Massingbird and the Roys from Deerham. But it does not signify. The Miss Wests made their arrangements and sent out their prospectuses, and the others left: it all happened in the spring-time. That time was giving place to summer when the father of Lucy Tempest, now Colonel Sir Henry Tempest, landed in England.

In some degree his arrival was sudden.—He had been looked for so long, that Lucy had almost given over looking for him. She did believe he was on his road home, by the sea passage, but precisely when he might be expected she did not know.

Since the marriage of Decima, Lucy had lived on alone with Lady Verner. Alone, and very quietly; quite uneventfully. She and Lionel met occasionally, but nothing further had passed between them. Lionel was silent: possibly he deemed it too soon after his wife's death to speak of love to another: although the speaking of it would have been news to neither. Lucy was a great deal at Lady Hautley's. Decima would have had her there constantly: but Lady Verner negatived it.

They were sitting at breakfast one morning, Lady Verner and Lucy, when the letter arrived. It was the only one by the post that morning. Catherine laid it by Lady Verner's side, to whom it was addressed: but the quick eyes of Lucy caught the superscription.

"Lady Verner! It is papa's handwriting."

Lady Verner turned her head to look at it.

"It is not an Indian letter," she remarked.

"No. Papa must have landed."

Opening the letter, they found it to be so. Sir Henry had arrived at Southampton.—Lucy turned pale with agitation. It seemed a formidable thing, now it had come so close, to meet her father, whom she had not seen for so many years.

"When is he coming here?" she breathlessly asked.

"To-morrow," replied Lady Verner: not speaking until she had glanced over the whole contents of the letter. "He purposes to remain a day and a night with us, and then he will take you with him to London."

"But a day and a night! Go away then to London! Shall I never come back?" reiterated Lucy, more breathlessly than before.

Lady Verner looked at her with calm surprise.

"One would think, child, you wanted to remain in Deerham. Were I a young lady, I should be glad to get away from it. The London season is at its height."

Lucy laughed and blushed somewhat consciously. She thought she should not care about the London season; but she did not say so to Lady Verner. Lady Verner resumed—

"Sir Henry wishes me to accompany you, Lucy. I suppose I must do so. What a vast deal we shall have to think of to-day! We shall be able to do nothing to-morrow, when Sir Henry is here."

Lucy toyed with her tea spoon, toyed with her breakfast: but the capability of eating more had left her. The suddenness of the announcement had taken away her appetite, and a hundred doubts were tormenting her. Should she never again return to Deerham?—never again see Lionel.

"We must make a call or two to-day, Lucy."

The interruption, breaking in upon her busy thoughts, caused her to start. Lady Verner resumed,

"This morning must be devoted to business; to the giving directions as to clothes, packing, and such like. I can tell you, Lucy, that you will have a great deal of it to do yourself; Catherine's so incapable since she got that rheumatism in her hand. Therese will have enough to see to with my things."

"I can do it all," answered Lucy. "I can."

"What next, my dear? *You* pack! Though Catherine's hand is painful, she can do something."

"Oh, yes, we shall manage very well," cheerfully answered Lucy. "Did you say we should have to go out, Lady Verner?"

"This afternoon. For one place we must go to the Bitterworths. You cannot go away without seeing them, and Mrs. Bitterworth is too ill just now to call upon you. I wonder whether Lionel will be here to-day?"

It was a "wonder" which had been crossing Lucy's own heart. She went to her room after breakfast, and soon became deep in her preparations with old Catherine; Lucy doing the chief part of the work, in spite of Catherine's remonstrances. But her thoughts were not with her hands: they remained buried in that speculation of Lady Verner's—would Lionel be there that day?

The time went on to the afternoon, and he had not come. They stepped into the carriage (for Lady Verner could indulge in the luxury of horses again now) to depart on their calls and he had not come. Lucy's heart palpitated strangely at the doubt whether she should really depart without seeing him. A very improbable doubt, considering the contemplated arrival at Deerham Court of Sir Henry Tempest.

As they passed Dr. West's old house, Lady Verner ordered the carriage to turn the corner and stop at the door. "Mr. Jan Verner" was on the plate now, where "West and Verner" used to be. Master Cheese unwillingly disturbed himself to come out, for he was seated over a washhand-basin of gooseberry fool, which he had got surreptitiously made for him the kitchen. Mr. Jan was out, he said.

So Lady Verner ordered the carriage on, leaving a message for Jan that she wanted some more "drops" made up.

They paid the visit to Mrs. Bitterworth.—Mr. Bitterworth was not at home. He had gone to see Mr. Verner. A sudden beating of the heart, a rising flush in the cheeks, a mist for a moment before her eyes, and Lucy was being whirled to Verner's Pride. Lady Verner had ordered the carriage thither, as they left Mrs. Bitterworth's.

They found them both in the drawing-room. Mr. Bitterworth had just risen to leave, and was shaking hands with Lionel.—Lady Verner interrupted them with the news of Lucy's departure; of her own.

"Sir Henry will be here to-morrow," she said to Lionel. "He takes Lucy to London with him the following day, and I accompany them."

Lionel, startled, looked round at Lucy.—She was not looking at him. Her eyes were averted—her face was flushed.

"But you are not going for good, Miss Lucy?" cried Mr. Bitterworth.

"She is," replied Lady Verner. "And glad enough, I am sure, she must be, to get away from stupid Deerham. She little thought when she came to it, that her sojourn in it would be so long as this. I have seen the rebellion, at her having to stop in it, rising often."

Mr. Bitterworth went out on the terrace.—Lady Verner, talking to him, went also.—Lionel, his face pale, his breath coming in gasps, went to Lucy.

"*Need* you go for good, Lucy?"

She raised her eyes to him with a shy glance, and Lionel, with a half-uttered exclamation of emotion, caught her to his breast, and took his first long silent kiss of love from her lips. It was not like those snatched kisses of years ago.

"My darling! my darling! God alone knows what my love for you has been."

Another shy glance at him through her raining tears. Her heart was beating against his. Did the glance seem to ask why, then, had he not spoken? His next words would imply that he thought so.

"I am still a poor man, Lucy. I was waiting for Sir Henry's return, to lay the case before him. He may refuse you to me!"

"If he should—I will tell him—that I shall never have further interest in life," was her murmured answer.

And Lionel's own face was working with agitation, as he kissed those tears away.

At last! at last!

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

ADDRESS OF GENERAL BURNSIDE TO THE TROOPS.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., Jan. 20, 1863.

General Orders No. 7. The Commanding General announces to the Army of the Potomac that they are about to meet the enemy once more.

The late brilliant actions in North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas, have divided and weakened the enemy on the Rappahannock, and the auspicious moment seems to have arrived to strike a great and mortal blow to the rebellion, and to gain that decisive victory which is due to the country.

Let the gallant soldiers of so many brilliant battle-fields accomplish this achievement, and a fame the most glorious awaits them.

The Commanding General calls for the firm and united action of officers and men, and under the providence of God the Army of the Potomac will have taken the great step towards restoring peace to the country, and the Government to its rightful authority.

By command of MAJOR GENERAL BURNSIDE.

(Signed) LEWIS RICHMOND,
Assistant Adjutant General.
(Official) EDW. M. NEILL,
Capt. and A. A. G.

SINGULAR STORY RELATIVE TO THE 109TH ILLINOIS REGIMENT.—The army correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, writing from Grant's division, furnishes the startling intelligence that the One-hundred-and-ninth Illinois has been disarmed and ordered into close confinement at Fort Madison during the war. The regiment was raised in Southern Illinois, (Egypt,) and its Lieutenant-Colonel is reported to have gone over to the enemy, while the regiment was only waiting a favorable opportunity to follow.

The Louisville Journal has a letter from Columbus, Ky., of the 11th inst., which says:

"Among the officers taken (at the surprise and rout of the rebels at Knob Creek) was one P. M. Strickland, second lieutenant in company A, 1st Tennessee Partisan Rangers. Upon Lieut. Strickland Captain Moore found forty paroles of men belonging to the 109th Illinois. Major Strickland of the 52d Indiana being a relative of Lieut. Strickland, they at once entered into free and confidential conversation. Among other things, the Lieutenant informed the Major that *every man in the 109th Illinois, from the Colonel down, belonged to the Knights of the Golden Circle*, and that they (the rebels) were afraid we would find it out, because they were so bold and imprudent about it. He also said that *there were very many officers in our army belonging to that society, and that they rendered the Confederates more service than they did the Federals*. Continuing, he added that *we had no idea of the strength of that society in the North, and that through it they were apprised of all important army matters*."

A FOOLISH NEVILLE.—A person laboring under the name of Mr. Cosmo Nevill owns a large place at Melbourne-Cane-Holt, England. He boasts of a long line of ancestry, all of whom have been for a course of years buried under the library in his house; this house adjoins the Parish Church, and the burial place referred to has a grated opening into the belfry, past which opening all the congregation must go whenever they enter the sacred edifice. The coffins are placed on a level with this opening, and, altogether, the arrangement of affairs is well adapted to breed a pestilence. The rector of the parish, an old man, much honored of all, buried one person in this vault, under protest, and refused to bury a second one there, some time later, on the ground that the health of his parishioners was likely to suffer. The bishop of the diocese ordered him to bury the body in that vault and nowhere else; he declined to obey the bishop, thereupon the Court of Arches was applied to by Mr. Cosmo Nevill, and the old rector was suspended for eighteen months and condemned to pay the costs.

RESULTS OF THE VICTORY AT ARKANSAS POST.—The results of our victory are nearly seven thousand prisoners of war, fortified point guarding the navigation of the Arkansas river, and shutting out its commerce from the Mississippi. We can now ascend without interruption to Little Rock, and take full possession of the Arkansas capital. With a higher stage of water in that river, we can communicate with Generals Blunt and Herron, and save them the transport of supplies over the long route from Rolla. With but a few more well-directed blows, the whole rebel strength in the state will be overthrown, and the power of the government again fully restored. Artillery and ordnance stores, to an enormous extent, have come into our possession, and several thousand stand of small arms, make for us an exhibit of no mean importance. Transportation for the rugged roads of Arkansas has become ours, and with a new stock of commissary stores, we are ready to move in any direction by land.

FLOOR SWEEPINGS.—A New York correspondent of the Boston Post, speaking of "floor sweepings," says that a large clothing manufacturer who occupies two lofts in New York, has received for more than two months *four thousand dollars a week* for the sweepings of two of those floors, consisting solely of cuttings and clippings of the woollen and cotton goods made up by him into army clothes. In other words, upwards of thirty thousand dollars' worth of shoddy making material has been sold by him in eight weeks; stuff, too, which in other times would have been given away. As intimated above, these shreads of woollen are ground up into shoddy and again worked into army cloth for the benefit of our brave defenders. (A tough story.)

IT is stated that the Emperor threw a bouquet with a diamond ring in it to little Patti recently, at the Italian opera in Paris.

WHOOPING COUGH.

At this season of the year whooping cough more or less makes its appearance in parts of a large city like this, and many people are at very great efforts to keep their children out of its reach. If one-half the pains were taken to carry them successfully and wisely through it, that there are to prevent the infection of it reaching them, it would no doubt be found that in the great majority of cases the whooping cough is the means of conferring an actual constitutional benefit, so that the child will come out of it stronger and better in health, and with more fully developed lungs than before it was attacked. Even as it is, the benefit to a family is on the average much greater than the danger. Not above one in twenty are supposed usually to die of this disease. It may, however, be doubted if one ever dies of the whooping cough, except by its producing some other secondary affection, not a necessary part of it, but to which there has been some constitutional tendency, or which is the result of carelessness or accident. In most of these cases fatal diseases either would have ensued without, or might have been averted. The disease itself seems to produce no necessary effect upon the lungs at all traceable in dissection. The coughing may, and generally does produce more or less inflammation, and this in turn mucus, and all these things put together may in weakly children, or where the symptoms are neglected, produce a great number of ultimate evil consequences. But the cough itself is strictly a spasmodic cough arising from a convulsion of the nervous system, as decidedly as laughing or crying, and it is not like most coughs, a convulsion *caused* by some inflammation producing irritating effects, though often causing it. It is a disease, therefore, throughout all its three stages, whose bark is worse than its bite, if properly watched. Indeed, it is only astonishing the amount of suffering a child will go through from its paroxysms one minute, and except fatigue, be perfectly free from pain and all inflammatory symptoms the next. Many children are even observed to have a better appetite and finer spirits and general health, even nearly all the time that the whooping cough is upon them, than at any period of their lives.

Of course the strain of these paroxysms of itself, apart from all the expectoration, makes a heavy draft upon the constitution, and hence when the child is weakly or debilitated by other sickness, care should be taken to avoid exposure to it. Young infants, not knowing how to expectorate, should be kept from the contagion. It is also preferable not to have children take it in the fall, as it is apt to affect them all winter. But beyond that there is no reason for taking pains to avoid it, where children are of proper age and in good health. On the contrary, it is to be allowed to pass through the family, not as a disease so much as something sent probably to produce a higher development of health than could be attained without it. Whether it is that it takes from the system a certain lymphatic or other peculiarity which, though desirable up to a certain stage, it is now equally desirable to expel from the system, or whether it is simply through the expansion of the lungs, occasioned by coughing, certain it is that it often produces a marked constitutional improvement. If any person, child or adult, will but take a quill and draw a deep, full inspiration, so as slowly to expand the lungs to the utmost, and repeat this for five minutes daily, the chest will soon measure four or five inches more in circumference, and in proportion to the greater amount of oxygen thus inhaled, the lungs will be kept freer from disease, the amount of food digested will be increased, and the vital energy, the real being and living power of the individual, will be augmented. Whooping cough, therefore, should be looked forward to when it comes into a family, as a messenger sent indeed to make fresh demands upon parental care and watchfulness of every symptom, but sent also to prepare, and as it were compel the child to expand its lungs afresh and on a larger scale, on entering on a new period of its existence, just as the cries of its earliest infancy are arranged to give expansion to its lungs at first.—*Public Ledger.*

A SON OF EDWARD EVERETT DEFENDING THE NORTH AT CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.—At the Union Society in Cambridge College, England, there was recently a public debate on American affairs, in which a son of Lord John Russell and a Mr. Trevelyan spoke against the Union cause and in support of the rebellion. A son of Edward Everett, who is a student at Cambridge, followed in defence of his country and Government, and an English clergyman, who participated in the debate, writes:—After him got up young Everett (Edward Everett's son,) who by-the-bye is considered one of the most distinguished men in Cambridge, the whole house against him, but cool and perfectly collected. He took Trevelyan's speech to pieces, point by point, used him up bit by bit, till the whole house was slowly turned in his favor, and he had it all his own way.

NEW UNITED STATES SENATORS.—The results of the late elections of Senators in different states is as follows:

Maine—Lott M. Morrill,* Rep.
Pennsylvania—Charles R. Buckalew, Dem.
Michigan—Zachariah Chandler,* Rep.
New Jersey—James W. Wall, Dem.
Delaware—James A. Bayard,* Dem.
Indiana—T. A. Hendricks, Dem., long term; Mr. Turpie, Dem., short term.
Maryland—Thos. H. Hicks, Dem., short term.
Illinois—Wm. H. Richardson, Dem.
Massachusetts—Charles Sumner,* Rep.
Minnesota—Gov. Ramsey, Rep.
Ohio—Ben. Wade,* Rep.

* Re-elected.

EXTRAORDINARY MEASURES.

In January, 1776, General Washington wrote to Governor Cooke, of Rhode Island, informing him what Connecticut had done. One of the acts even went so far as to provide that "none are to write, speak or act against the proceedings of Congress, under penalty of being disarmed, and disqualified from holding any office, and be further punished by imprisonment." Yet the Pater Patriæ went on to remark, "The situation of our affairs seems to call for regulations like these. Vigorous ones, and such as at another time would appear extraordinary, are now become absolutely necessary for preserving our country against the strides of tyranny making against it."

☞ The sufferings of the topers down in Dixie—which class includes about all the rebels—are becoming intolerable. A Southern paper dolefully complains "that the vilest whiskey, which before the war, a gentleman would not give to his negroes, is now eagerly bought at from $25 to $30 a gallon." To such degradation have Southern gentlemen been reduced by secession.

☞ The King of Brazil is about to start on a magnificent bender—a visit to all the European courts incognito.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Governor of Utah, in his annual message, "is sorry to say that he perceives among that people little sympathy with the United States." He condemns polygamy, and warns the inhabitants against its continuance.

CAPTAIN ST. CLAIR MORTON, for distinguished gallantry at Murfreesboro, has been made a Brigadier General by President Lincoln. He is a son of the late Dr. Morton of Philadelphia.

LAMARTINE has sold his "Memoirs from Beyond the Grave" for forty thousand dollars. This is dying to some purpose.

GEN. BRECKINRIDGE had one of his ears taken off at the battle of Murfreesboro.

ON the 31st of December, Lieutenant-Colonel Garesche was killed at Murfreesboro, and on the 29th of December Major Garesche was killed at Vicksburg. Thus at different points, nearly a thousand miles apart, the two brothers have lost their lives within two days of each other.

GOLD.—There is said to be gold in the country of the value of $716,000,000. It has a marvellous faculty of keeping itself out of sight, but, though out of sight, it is far indeed from being out of mind.

GEN. GRANT'S WIFE CAPTURED.—A Mississippi paper reports that the wife of Gen. Grant was among the prisoners captured by the rebels at Holly Springs. She was released by Gen. Van Dorn.

CURIOUS.—They have an automaton figure of a man on exhibition in Paris which talks. It was constructed by M. Faber, late professor of mathematics in a German university.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—That was a very important decision of Judge Shipman, in the case of Boucicault vs. Fox, to the effect that the representation of a play, by the consent of the author, gives no right to others to play it without his consent. The author's right to his play, book, lecture, sermon, or what not, is protected by common law, and by the law of copyright, when published. Literary men have been trying for years to obtain such a judgment as this at the hands of justice, but have never succeeded till now.

VICTOR HUGO'S GOOD BISHOP.—We learn that the real bishop, whose good deeds are almost literally narrated by the novelist, was Charles Francis Melchior Bienvenu Miollis, Bishop of Digne, who was born in 1753, and died in 1843. These figures do not exactly correspond with Victor Hugo's, the Bishop's birth having been moved backward thirteen years, and his life shortened by eight years, simply to suit the story. The good man lives anew in the world after his death, and "being dead, yet speaketh."

THE LAST ODDITY.—Among the last heard of oddities attracted to Paris by various motives is said to be a Russian Prince of great wealth, his fortune being estimated at the respectable figure of $650,000 a year. A Paris correspondent of a Canada paper says he spends much of his time in travelling, and, having a passion for wild beasts, carries an extensive menagerie around with him. He is fond of "seeing the elephant," no doubt.

BAD SIDEWALKS.—The Supreme Court of New York has affirmed a verdict of $1,000 which a blind lady had recovered against the city for a defect in the sidewalk, by reason of which she claimed to have received damage. The court holds that it is the duty of the corporation to keep the sidewalks in such repair that even the blind shall be protected from injury by reason of defects therein.

ILLINOIS.—Governor Yates says, in his late message, of Illinois:—

"She now produces twice as much corn as any other state; almost twice as much wheat; in neat cattle, the first; in hogs, but little behind Ohio; and in the value of live stock of all kinds, she is already the second state in the Union."

EMIGRATION FROM LIVERPOOL.—The annual returns of the Government emigration officials at Liverpool, show the large increase of ten thousand souls in last year's emigration over that of 1861. Of the whole number of emigrants 39,184 persons came to this country.

REFUGEES.—Nine men from Whitefield county, northern Georgia, arrived in Louisville a few days since. They made good their escape by crossing the Tennessee river. Their crimes consisted in their love for the old Union, and for this they were driven from their property which was confiscated.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was in the American House, at Niagara Falls, when it was burnt recently. He was roused by the cry at 3 o'clock of the night, and succeeded in making his escape through the smoke and flames with no serious loss.

THREE NEGROES FOR THREE SHEEP.—The Hartford Times is informed by a reliable gentleman who recently visited Falmouth, that a number of Union soldiers, a few days since, took three "contrabands" across the Rappahannock into the rebel lines, and traded them off with the rebel soldiers for three sheep.

HARRIET A. McLAUGHLIN, of Chicago, asks for a divorce from Henry A., her husband. She is only fourteen years old, and has been married but a single month.

A LADY was not long since travelling in England, when she occupied a railway carriage in company with a well-dressed man and woman, the former of whom offered her a copy of an illustrated newspaper for her entertainment. She accepted the civility, opened the paper, perceived a powerful and peculiar odor, became immediately insensible, and awoke to find herself robbed of her money and railway ticket, together with sundry articles of jewelry. The paper was supposed to have been saturated with chloroform, the scent of which was disguised with lavender.

IT is said that Major-General Butler is soon to resume command of the Department of the Gulf, fixing his head-quarters at New Orleans and as much further up the Mississippi as circumstances may permit.

☞ Somebody writing to a contemporary, relates the following sell of a wag, who, for the amusement of a crowd, was holding a Scriptural confab with a colored divine. "Why, Charley, you can't even tell who made the monkey." "Oh, yes, I can, massa." "Well, who made the monkey?" "Why, massa, the same one made the monkey that made you."

☞ One of our compositors seemed for several days ailing, which led to much anxiety concerning him. He appeared dull and heavy, as if some trouble pressed upon his mind. "What is the matter?" we inquired, when attention was called to his case. He turned, and fixing upon us a stony eye, asked: "Can you tell me why Eve was like a certain respectable firm in Broadway?" We humored him by pretending that we didn't know. "Because," said he, "she was Adam's express company!" The effort relieved him, and he turned with a more cheerful countenance to his types.

☞ Jones, who prides himself on geography, asked a friend the other day if the seat of war, of which we heard so much, wasn't in the Netherlands?

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,
Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,
Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	28.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.
WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis.
Address
DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

THE CHESS CHAMPION.—A Paris correspondent says:—"Since my arrival, I have met with Mr. Paul Morphy, the famous American chess player, about whose doings and whereabouts such contradictory reports have been circulated in the United States. Mr. Morphy has not been on any rebel general's staff, nor has he taken any part in the war. He left New Orleans long after the capture of the city by the Federal forces, and went to Havana, taking passage thence to Cadiz, and reached Paris a few days ago. Kolish, the eminent Hungarian player, is also here, and chess amateurs are making efforts to bring about a meeting between the greatest chess genius of the world and another star not unworthy to encounter the master. Morphy, however, assures me that he has renounced chess altogether, and the unhappy state of affairs at home will not permit him to bring to the task of meeting a great player the calmness and coolness which are essential to success. He has also matters of more importance to occupy his mind, and seems to be in feeble health."

LADIES IN CAMP.—A considerable number of ladies have visited the camps within the past week to see their relatives and friends. If any of your lady readers have formed the idea of coming down here, I beg of them to give up the notion. It is true we love the sex and are glad to see them, but the inconvenience they are subjected to are such that any sensitive-minded lady would shrink from encountering them. There are no accommodations for women, and when they do come they are almost compelled to outrage propriety before they get away. To see handsomely-dressed and apparently respectable ladies "roughing" it on open freight cars, or sleeping in a dirty railroad car, as I have seen them, is a spectacle not agreeable. If they could get accommodations at a farm house it would be well enough, but many are not even able to get this shelter. Therefore, stay at home, ladies.—*Army Cor. of Inquirer.*

COLONEL GARESCHE.—General Rosecrans, in a private letter, pays a beautiful tribute to the devotedness of his fallen Chief of Staff in the following:—

"Colonel Garesche was killed by my side. A cannon-ball passed directly behind my head and struck him, leaving only his under jaw. We both received the sacrament that morning, and shortly before he was killed, he asked my permission to retire for a few moments from the eminence on which his headquarters were established. I now suspect that he *went aside to offer his life to God for our success*. I hope he went straight to Heaven, our blessed country."—*Catholic Telegraph.*

STRANGE CASE.—A little boy, name Willie Thompson, living in Washington, D. C., who has had a long and severe sickness, has recently passed a number of living creatures resembling catfish, which moved about and acted in all respect like fish of that kind. Several of the specimens have been sent by the family to Professor Henry for examination, to ascertain the true character of the creatures. The boy continues to discharge fragments of like appearance. During his whole sickness he has had a voracious appetite, while at the same time he was becoming emaciated, and he is now only a living skeleton.

REBEL LETTERS.

There has been a highly instructive and amusing budget of rebel letters published—taken at the recent capture of young Sanders off Charleston. We have room only for a few items:—

The following, from George N. Sanders to his son, was in pencil and evidently hastily written:—

"ATLANTA, GA., Dec. 16, 1862.

"DEAR REID:—I telegraphed you to-day about the most important business of your mission—the steamers. My steamers are really the only thing abroad in which the nation has really much interest. It is the only thing that offers succor and relief—Sinclair and Bullock's steamers only preying on the enemy's commerce. *We want more than that now; we want succor or we must die.* Mr. Mason will, I am sure, take the right view. All other projects sink into insignificance compared to the construction of my *six steamers!* So think Congress, and so thinks every intelligent man with whom I have conversed."

In Mr. Sanders's order-book, and in memorandums, are probably a hundred orders for articles for ladies and gentlemen. A few samples will show what are sought for.

For Mrs. Jefferson Davis:—One dozen Jouvin's gloves, No. 7s, ladies' size, dark, worked with bright colors, long in the hand, two buttons over the wrist; one dozen same, 6¼, ladies'; one dozen worked cambric bands; three and a half yards Valenciennes lace, five inches wide, near straight edge; one whole piece Val. lace, one inch wide.

For Miss Sally Clark:—These articles will give you an idea of things most needed in the Confederate states by ladies. You may fill what you can of this order:—

Five dozen best white cotton hose, No. 9.

One dozen best white cotton hose, No. 8.

One dozen pairs of black kid gloves, No. 6¼.

Three dozen *fine* linen cambric handkerchiefs, *hemstitched.*

One piece of *fine*-quality Irish linen, (for shirts.)

One piece of best-quality black alpaca.

One piece (of at least fifty yards) the handsomest Gros de Rhin black silk, *very wide and rich.*

One pound of black sewing silk.

Six dozen spools of sewing cotton.

One dozen pairs of best *heeled* black gaiter boots, No. 2½.

Two pairs of best *heeled* black gaiter boots, No. 3½.

One package of black *worsted* braid for the edge of skirts.

One dozen papers of pins. Ten pounds best green tea. Six pairs of black morocco slippers, No. 2½.

Needles, tape, shoe-strings, and pearl buttons.

Four French corsets, 18 or 20 inches in the waist. (!!)

For Mrs. S. to get for Mrs. Myers in Paris: One set of handsome jet, consisting of ear-rings, brest-pin, belt, buckle, bracelets, and cuff-buttons. Two pairs of French corsets, 21 inches in the waist. One dozen lyle-thread stockings, No. 9. One dozen blue-kid gloves, No. 6¼. One crape bonnet, black, for deep mourning, *very stylish.*

One handsome black grenadine dress, with directions for making and trimmings.

One cloak and cap for an infant, (white.)

Two handsome *robe de chambre*, white, very simple, as they are for morning.

Four flannel skirts, (ready made up,) for a lady.

Nearly all the orders for gentlemen contain directions for the purchase of boots, proving that in the South just now, there is "nothing like leather."

The following are isolated paragraphs from various letters, giving a view of the interior life of the Confederacy:—

"Isn't this a *terrible* war; we are heartily tired of it, and, *as yet*, no prospect of peace. I wish we were all with you. Richmond is very much altered, and there is the greatest spirit of extortion among our once liberal and hospitable community.

"By all means stay in Europe until there is a much better state of things existing in this country. This is my parting word of advice, and prompted by good reasons."

A letter dated at Winnsboro', S. C., gives the following picture of the present and prospective condition of affairs:—

The formidable naval preparations making by our foe are openly avowed to be intended for the reduction of Charleston, and, although our harbor is made impregnable, it is thought, still Forts Moultrie and Sumter must bear the force of the attack; to shell the garrisons out from them, even should they not force their way to the city, will be their aim. I am thankful Gen. Beauregard is put in command. His wise head, our tremendous fortifications and iron gunboats, which are just being completed, will enable us to meet the enemy with obstinate resistance.

Our success in Virginia has been beyond all expectation. To think of our barefooted, ragged troops gaining such victories over the well-clad, well-appointed Lincoln hosts!—but oh, my dear aunt, I cannot rejoice. Like Pyrrhus, I am tempted to say, "Another such victory would be annihilation," for it seems that the flower of our Southern men are being swept away; the voice of lamentation is heard in our land, for there is scarcely a home where there is not some relative or friend dead or wounded. Those of our young men who survive will be either mutilated or broken down in constitution from the hardships of this miserable war. I ought not to say a word of *our* deprivations when I think of our men; but with the approaching season arrangements must be made necessary for the comfort of children and servants, and there is nothing to be had. I went so close to the wind last winter, thinking that our ports would certainly be open before another, that there is nothing to exercise ingenuity upon—no flannel, no blankets to be had at any price. We have long since given up tea, coffee, and sugar—only keeping a little of the last for sickness; our rice lands, too, being so guarded by the enemy's gunboats, prevents it getting to market, so corn has to be substituted in a measure; bacon, upon which we fed the servants principally, has given out to sides, and you may imagine how difficult it is for me to provide for our thirty inmates at such a time, when bare necessities are so difficult to procure. Only think of $40 for a small box of *tallow* candles; we have just bought them at that price, and, in order to save them burn *lard*, with a paper placed in it, in our chambers. Not a yard of calico, long cloth, or any other goods, under prices which amount to an interdict; and yet the gentlemen tell us most cheerfully that we have not begun to *feel* the war yet. If it continues much longer, my slender stock will give out entirely, and how I am then to clothe the girls and myself I cannot imagine. We are manufacturing the homespuns all over the country, and many ladies are getting them woven; but the demand is so great that the supply is inadequate. I have felt very sick for the last month, suffering constant pain, and only keeping up by the force of a *strong will.* God help us and give us better times soon.

Major William Norris, of the rebel signal corps, under date of Richmond, December 15, writes as follows:

"If we fail to drive the Federal army back to Washington again, we will burn Richmond to the ground, and fall back to the mountains. Our men are ragged, ill-fed, out-numbered three to one, barefooted, and bareheaded. I refer you to the history of the times for what they have done. As yet, I am ashamed to say that I have not even received a *scratch.*"

NEWS ITEMS.

FREE LABOR IN THE SOUTH.—A New Orleans letter says: "I have just met an old friend, whom I not only find a loyal man, but actively engaged in aiding the Government. His father owns the estate on the river, below the city, known as the 'Magnolia estate'—the large brick building looking, with the sugar mill, like a village on the banks of the river, as we came up. He says he is hiring the negroes by the month, and they work day and night in the cane, in this, the most driving of plantation work. They need no urging; they work too much. He says the large hospital he has for the sick negroes, which was always sure to be filled at this season, is now without a tenant, and all are over-anxious to work."

SENTENCED TO DEATH.—A dispatch from Indianapolis says that John O. Brown, of Shelby county, member of a cavalry regiment, convicted by court martial of being a member of a secret society, in opposition to the government, will, it is said, be executed. He was tried in that city by the military authorities.

THE ADMISSION OF UTAH.—Judge Cradlebaugh is preparing a speech on the admission of Utah, in which, it is alleged, some astounding disclosures will be made in regard to Brigham Young and his church operations.

THE PAYMENT OF TROOPS.—The money to pay the armies of Gen. Rosecrans and Grant has been furnished, and the greater part of the funds to pay the soldiers in North Carolina, Virginia, and the Department of the South has also been issued.

PROMPT DISMISSAL.—A general order from Gen. Rosecrans, dated Jan. 17, reads as follows:—"Second Lieut. Jesse Ball, Co. I, 88th Illinois volunteers, is dishonorably dismissed the service of the United States for accompanying his tender of resignation with so despicable a reason as that he is tired of the service, and is opposed to the proclamation of the President of the United States. The general commanding is glad to rid officers of this army of fellowship with such a character."

THE Pope was too unwell to officiate at the Christmas festivities in Rome. It is said that his nervous system is seriously affected by any sudden change in the weather, and the cauterization in his leg produces a feverish excitement.

WE have intelligence from the city of Mexico, by way of Acapulco, to the 21st of December last. According to these accounts, published in the semi-monthly Review of the capital, there has been no movement whatever upon the fortifications of Puebla. The French still occupied their position at Palmar, some thirty miles from Puebla.

THE recent tin box of rebel documents captured off Charleston, was captured by Captain J. Madison Fraley of the "Quaker City."

THE Liverpool Chamber of Commerce has resolved to give a suitable reception to the officers of the first ship from America with provisions for the distressed operatives.

THE London Army and Navy Gazette says that the Confederate generals have been overpraised. To stand and fight has been their great strategy. Not one of them seems to have ended a campaign with a purpose. Not one of them has had the capacity to understand the value of victory. They have done anything but follow events and make good use of the energy and zeal of their soldiers. Let some leader arise on either side who can lead a few squadrons to press one of these broken armies, and the war will not long languish in the bloody trail of gigantic skirmishes.

SYMPATHIZING addresses to President Lincoln have been adopted by meetings in London and Birmingham.

ABDUCTION.—A little boy named William Henry Highland, aged ten years, whose widowed mother resides on Pear street, in the vicinity of Morris & Tasker's foundry, has been missing for several days. From all that can be learned respecting this affair, the child was abducted by a man residing somewhere in New Jersey. He had been to Philadelphia with a load of hay; having sold this, he induced the child to get into the wagon, and drove off with him. The mother, as might be expected, is nearly distracted in consequence of the abduction.

ELEGANT STAIRCASE.—A magnificent white Carrara marble staircase, which is to cost not less than 150,000 francs, is being prepared at Vaugirard. It is to be sent in pieces to Baron de Rothschild, of London, in whose residence it is to be placed.

RETURN OF CAPTAIN PALMER.

Captain Palmer, of the Anderson Cavalry, has effected his escape from the dominions of Jefferson Davis, of which he has been an unwilling inhabitant for more than four months. He is now in Washington, where, we understand, he has had an interview with President Lincoln, who sent for him on being apprised of his return. Captain Palmer had some curious adventures during his protracted stay in the Southern states, but is obliged to keep secret both the manner of escape and the places he visited in the South, in order that friends there, who aided him, may not be compromised by publicity. He says the prisons of the Confederates are filled with East Tennesseans and Union citizens of other states, some of whom, old gray-haired men, have been incarcerated for "harboring conscripts"—the offence being that they did not turn from their doors their own sons who had refused to enter the rebel ranks. Captain Palmer is as hopeful of the good cause as he was before he visited the South, and thinks the evidence of a break-down in Northern war sentiment, which the rebels are now gloating over, is the only thing that has kept their hopes alive since their disastrous invasion of Maryland.—*Philadelphia Press.*

PRINCELY GOOD NATURE IN ROME.—One of our letters from Rome (says the London Athenæum) has some gossip about the visit of the Prince of Wales. The Prince ran round the studios with the ease of a private gentleman. He bought only two pictures—one from Perry Williams, the other from Rudolph Lehmann. At the studio of the latter an incident occurred which exhibits the thoughtfulness and good nature of the young Prince. Mr. Lehmann was arranging his room and whitewashing his lobby, when an Italian *valet de place* rushed in upon him announcing, "*Il Principe Inglese!*" The artist was a little embarrassed; the Prince tried to put him at his ease by asking to see his book of portraits. Even that was at home—not at the studio. Mr. Lehmann offered to go and fetch it. "How long will it take you?" asked the Prince. "A quarter of an hour." "Then I will wait with pleasure." The Prince lighted a cigar, and Mr. Lehmann rolled home in the Prince's carriage. Louis the Fourteenth, under a similar trial, had to say, "*J'ai failli attendre.*" The Prince sat out the time, and bought one of the unfinished pictures on the wall; the artist returned, and had the honor of a sitting and an invitation to dinner. A portrait of the Prince of Wales has been added to Mr. Lehmann's remarkable book of contemporary heads."

GEN. ROSECRANS.—A correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune*, writing from Rosecrans' army, says:—A wounded rebel officer in Murfreesboro, discussing the battle with Father Tracy—the clerical guest of the General—said, "We think your General is a d—d Dutch fool. He don't know when he is whipped." The fancy that Gen. Rosecrans is a Dutchman widely prevails in the South—whereas his ancestors, "native and to the manor born," fought in the revolutionary war. The General is of the sixth generation of the American Rosecrans family, and is about as deeply bred American as the nativest of them all.

The first emancipation under the Proclamation occurred here a few days ago. Gen. Rosecrans directed free papers to be issued to a servant of Col. Walters, of Charleston, S. C. Said Gen. Rosecrans to a friend, soon after, "I wish the American people to know that I have loved justice and hated iniquity."

AT supper, in Albany, there were present—one father, three daughters, one son, one mother, one brother, three grand-daughters, three sisters-in-law, one brother-in-law, three aunts, four cousins, one wife, one nephew, one grandson, three nieces, one husband and three sisters. And yet, there were only four persons present.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour is firm. The week's sales foot up 15,000 bbls, mostly taken for export, at $6,87½@7,12½ for common to good northwest family, and $7,25@7,65 for good Ohio and Pennsylvania do, including about 4000 bbls, part city mills extra and extra family, on terms kept private; the bulk of the sales were of good Ohio at $7,25@7,50 ⅌ bbl. The sales to the trade have been limited within the same range of prices for family flour. $6@6,37½ for superfine, $6,50@7 for extras, the latter for Lancaster county, and $8@9 ⅌ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality, the market closing very quiet. Rye Flour is dull and lower, with small receipts and sales at $5@5,25 ⅌ bbl. Corn Meal is scarce, but the demand for it is limited at $4 for Pennsylvania, and $4,50 ⅌ bbl for Brandywine; 300 bbls of the latter sold on terms kept private. Buckwheat Meal is dull and lower, and offered at $3 the 100lbs, without sales to any extent.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and for Wheat the demand is steady at fully former rates, with sales of 50,000 bushels, mostly taken for shipment at $1,52@1,57 for common good and choice Western and Pennsylvania reds, in store, and from $1,62@1,85 for white, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is better, and all the Pennsylvania offered sold at 94@97c, the latter for prime. Corn is very scarce, and prices are 5@6c higher, with sales of 25,000 bushels at 83@87c for new; 86@88c for old and new mixed, and 88@90c for old yellow, mostly in store, including Western mixed at 87@89c, and new white at 84@86c. Oats are steady, with further sales of about 45,000 bushels at 64c for heavy Pennsylvania, ⅌ 32 lbs, and 35@37c measure for light do, in store. Barley is selling more freely at $1,40@1,45, the latter for prime quality.

PROVISIONS—There is very little of the hog product coming forward, and the market is firm. Mess Pork sells more freely at $15, and Mess Beef at $12@15 ⅌ bbl for Western and City packed. About 1000 bbls Beef Hams sold at $15,75@16,25 ⅌ bbl. Dressed Hogs command $5⅝@6⅛ the 100 lbs. Bacon is firm but quiet at 9@10c for Hams; 6¼@6¾c for Shoulders, and 6¾@7¼c for Sides. Green Meats are more inquired for, and selling at 8@8½c for Hams in pickle; and 7½c in salt, and Shoulders at 5¼@5½c. No sides here. Lard is unsettled, and 700 tcs brought 10¼@10¾c, cash and short time; kegs are worth 11@11½c, and country packed 9@9½c ⅌ lb. Butter is steady at 13@20c for packed and roll, the latter for prime. Cheese is better, and selling as wanted at 10@11½c ⅌ lb. Eggs are lower, and bring 16@18c ⅌ doz.

COTTON—Prices are 2@3c higher. Sales comprise 400 bales, taken in small lots, at 40@50c for pickings; 60@68c for damaged; 65@66 for St. Domingo; 60@62 for Surats; 65@70 for repacked; 71@72 for Ordinary, and 75@78 for Middling and good Middling quality, cash.

ASHES—The market is quiet, and a moderate business only to note in Pots.

BARK—There is a steady demand for Quercitron at the decline, and all offered, about 170 hhds first No. 1, found buyers at $34½ ⅌ ton. Of Tanners' Bark we hear of no sales.

BEESWAX is steady at 40c ⅌ lb for good Yellow.

COAL—Orders come in slowly, and the market is unsettled. For home use the sales are limited, and the market generally very dull.

COFFEE is firmly held, with a very reduced stock to operate in, and the week's sales are limited to some 800 bags, mostly Rio, within the range of 29@31½c, cash and time, and Jamaica at 31c ⅌ lb.

COPPER is firmer and holders are asking higher prices. Yellow Metal is held at 30c for sheets, and 32c ⅌ lb, six mos, for bolts, which is an advance.

FEATHERS are dull, and sales of Western are reported at 45@50c ⅌ lb, the latter for prime.

FRUIT—Sales are limited; Apples are worth $2@3, and Cranberries $10@14 ⅌ bbl. Dried Fruit is dull, Apples selling slowly at 5@6c, and unpared Peaches at 5@10c ⅌ lb, for quarters and halves.

HAY—There is a fair business to note, and further sales of Timothy at 75@85c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—The market is firm but quiet, with little or no stock out of the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are in steady demand and firm, with sales of Eastern and Western at 20@25c ⅌ lb.

IRON—The market is firm and on the advance, with sales of 2000 tons No 3 at equal to $30, delivered here; 1000 tons Glendon white Iron at $33, 4 mos, and 2000 tons No 1, in lots, at $32@33, cash and 4 mos. Scotch Pig is held at $33@34, cash and time. Of Manufactured Iron prices are fully sustained, and the demand good.

LEAD—The market is quiet for the want of stock. Sales are reported in a neighboring market at $8,75 for foreign, and $9 the 100 lbs for Galena.

LUMBER continues quiet, the active season being over. White and Yellow Pine Boards, however, are wanted at $16@17, and Laths at $1,50 ⅌ M.

MOLASSES is more active, and bringing higher prices, and 700 hhds new crop Cuba sold at 35@36½c for clayed; about 470 bbls old crop New Orleans at 38@40c, mostly at the former rate, and 25 bbls new do at 55c, all on the usual credit.

PLASTER—There is none offering or selling, and we quote soft, nominally, at $3,75@4 ⅌ ton.

RICE is firm at 7@7¼c for Rangoon, with small sales of common quality at the former figure.

SEEDS—There is an active demand for Cloverseed, with further sales of 6000 bus at $6@6,50 from wagons, and $6,75@7 from store, mostly at the latter rate for prime, which is an advance, including some lots of choice quality at $7,12½@7,25 ⅌ bus. Timothy is more inquired for, and scarce at $2@2,25 ⅌ bus. Flaxseed is better, and selling at $3@3,10 ⅌ bus.

SPIRITS—There is very little disposition on the part of the importers of foreign to operate, and prices are firm and advancing. N. E. Rum is better, and worth 60c. Whiskey is also better, large sales of bbls having been made at 46@49c, now held at 50c, and Drudge at 43@48c.

SUGAR—The market is more active at fully former rates, with sales of 1500 boxes Havana at 10¾; 1450 hhds Cuba at 10½c, and 150 hhds New Orleans, the latter to go West, at 10¾@11¼c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is firm, with more doing in city at 11c and Western at 10½c ⅌ lb.

TOBACCO—There is very little movement in either leaf or manufactured, and no change in prices.

WOOL—There is a better feeling in the market, and more disposition to operate in most kinds. Sales to the extent of 200,000 lbs are reported, mostly within the range of 65@70c for coarse and fine, including tub at 71@72c, and unwashed at 42@45c ⅌ lb, net.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1727 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 10 cts ⅌ lb. 75 Cows brought from $18 to 30 ⅌ head. 3400 Sheep were sold at 6@6¾c ⅌ lb, gross. 970 Hogs brought from $5,00 to 6,75 ⅌ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th of Oct. by the Rev. Danl. Gaston, WILLIAM H. CROMWELL, to Miss MARY E. WILEY, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 15th of Dec. by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. LUKE FARLEY, of Chestnut Hill, to Miss MARY A. BRADLEY, of Manayunk.

On the 1st of April, 1861, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, WILLIAM McEWEN, to LIZZIE GORDON, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Wm. C. Robinson, EDWARD H. TAYLOR, to ELIZA ARTHUR.

On the 7th of Dec. by the Rev. W. S. Perkins, Mr. EDWARD SUBERS, to Miss JOSEPHINE SMITH, all of Bristol, Pa.

On the 20th of Dec. by the Rev. W. Mullin, Mr. JOHN R. MUNSHOWER, to Miss SALLIE B. VANHORN, both of this city.

On the 26th of Nov. by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, GEORGE W. YEAGER, to MARY SHUBERT, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. G. W. Smiley, GEORGE W. HILLIER, to ANNIE M. MARCHE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th instant, ANNA G. BUNTING, of Darby, Del. county, Pa.

On the 21st instant, Mrs. JANE M. AUDENRIED, widow of the late Wm. Audenried, Esq. in her 55th year.

On the 19th instant, in Burlington county, N. J., WILLIAM H. son of the late Saml. Richards, in his 35th year.

On the 21st instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH RUTH, in her 85th year.

On the 20th instant, Mr. WILLIAM MOORE, in his 73d year.

On the 20th instant, WILLIAM R. NESBIT, in his 41st year.

On the 20th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH BURTON, wife of John Burton, in her 60th year.

On the 19th instant, JAMES R. RAMSEY, in his 33d year.

On the 18th instant, SAMUEL R. INGHRAM, in his 45th year.

On the 18th instant, GILBERT B. HUTCHINS, in his 78th year.

On the 16th instant, SAMUEL F. GIPSON, in his 23d year.

On the 18th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Peter Glasgow.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, January 24, 1863.

Alabama	80 dis.	Missouri	3 dis
Canada	20 prem	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	½ dis.	New Jersey par to	¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	¼ dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	3 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	1 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	16 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania par to	½ dis.
Kentucky	1 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	40 dis.	South Carolina	80 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	45 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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FOR 1863!.

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jan3-3m

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jan3-3m

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Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	$55,00
Half Case, Paneled,	50,00
Plain Table,	45,00

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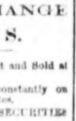

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THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

1863.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, first issued in 1841, now in its 22nd year, has obtained both a larger and a more widely diffused circulation than any other newspaper ever published in America. Though it has suffered, in common with other journals, from the volunteering and departure of tens of thousands of its patrons to serve in the War for the Union, its circulation on this 6th of December, 1862, is as follows:

DAILY,	50,125.
SEMI-WEEKLY,	17,250.
WEEKLY,	148,000.
Aggregate,	215,375.

Pre-eminently a journal of News and of Literature, THE TRIBUNE has political convictions which are well characterized by the single word REPUBLICAN. It is Republican in its hearty adhesion to the great truth that "God has made of one blood all nations of men"—Republican in its assertion of the equal and inalienable rights of all men to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—Republican in its steadfast, earnest, defiant hostility to every scheme and effort of the Slave Power, from the Annexation of Texas to the great Rebellion, to grasp the empire of the New World, and wield the resources of our country for its own aggrandizement—Republican in its antagonism to the aristocrats and despots of the Old World, who fondly hail in the perils and calamities suddenly thrust upon us by their American counterpart, the overthrow and ruin of the Model Republic—Republican in its hope and trust, its faith and effort, that this atrocious Rebellion must result in the signal overthrow of its plotters, and the firm establishment of equal rights and equal laws throughout the whole extent of our country, wherein Liberty and Union shall indeed be "one and inseparable," henceforth and forever.

THE TRIBUNE devotes attention in calmer times, and to some extent in these, to Education, Temperance, Agriculture, Inventions, and whatever else may minister to the spiritual and material progress and well-being of mankind; but for the present its energies and its columns are mainly devoted to the invigoration and success of the War for the Union. Its special correspondents accompany every considerable army, and report every important incident of that great struggle which we trust is soon to result in the signal and conclusive triumph of the National arms, and in the restoration of Peace and Thrift to our distracted, bleeding country. We believe that no otherwise can a fuller or more accurate view of the progress and character of this momentous conflict be obtained than through the regular perusal of our columns. And we earnestly solicit the co-operation of all friends of the National cause, which we regard and uphold as that of Universal Humanity, to aid us in extending its circulation.

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Five Copies, one year,	$12.
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Wit and Humor.

THE BRIDAL.

BY A CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

Not a laugh was heard, nor a joyous note,
As our friend to the bridal was hurried;
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,
As the bachelor went to be married.

We married him quickly to save his fright,
Our heads from the sad sight turning;
And we sighed as we stood by the lamp's dim light,
To think him not more discerning.

To think that a bachelor free and bright,
And shy of the sex as we found him,
Should there at the altar, at dead of night,
Be caught in the snare that bound him.

Few and short were the words we said,
Though of wine and cake partaking;
We escorted him home from the scene of dread,
While his knees were awfully shaking.

Slowly and sadly we marched adown
From the first to the lowermost story,
And we never have heard from or seen the poor man
Whom we left alone in his glory.

HUSBAND CATCHING.

Of a certain divine an anecdote is told, which Hook used to say exceeded any specimen of cool assurance that ever he had seen exhibited. A young clerical friend of his staying at a friend's house, happened to be sitting up one night reading, after the family, as he supposed, had retired to rest. The door opened, and his excellent host re-appeared in his dressing-gown and slippers.

"My dear boy," said the latter, seating himself, and looking pathetically, at his guest, "I have a few words to say—don't look alarmed, they will prove agreeable enough to you, rely upon it. The fact is, Mrs. ——— and myself have for some time observed the attention which you have paid to Betsey. We can make every allowance, knowing your excellent principles as we do, for the diffidence which has hitherto tied your tongue, but it has been carried far enough. In a worldly point of view, Betsey of course might do better, yet we all have the highest esteem for your character and disposition, and then our daughter, she is very dear to us, and when her happiness is at stake, all minor considerations must give way. We have, therefore, after due deliberation,—I must own not altogether without hesitation—made up our minds to the match. What must be, must be: you are a worthy fellow, and, therefore, at a word you have our free and cordial consent. Only make our child happy and we ask no more."

The astonished divine, half petrified, laid down his book.

"My dear sir," he began to murmur, "here is some dreadful mistake. I really never thought,—that is, I never intended—"

"No, no, I know you did not. Your modesty, indeed, is one of those traits which has made you so deservedly a favorite with us all.

"But, my dear boy, a parent's eyes are chary. Anxiety sharpens them. We saw well enough what you thought so well concealed. Betsey, too, is just the girl to be so won. Well, well! say no more about it; it's all over now. God bless you both! Only make her a good husband—here she is. I have told Mrs. ——— to bring her down again, for the sooner you young folks are out of suspense the better. Settle the matter as soon as you like; we will leave you together."

Thus saying the considerate papa bestowed a most affectionate kiss upon his daughter, who was at this juncture led into the room by her mother, both en dishabille, shook his future son-in-law cordially by the hand, and with a "There go, go along, Mrs. ———," turned his wife out of the room, and left the lovers (?) to their tete-a-tete. What was to be done? Common humanity, to say nothing of politeness, demanded nothing less than a proposal. It was tendered accordingly, and we need scarcely add, very graciously received.—*Memoirs of Hook.*

I HAVE GOT ONE TOUGHT.

Handel, whose divine compositions seem to have proceeded from a heart glowing with the fire of a seraph, was, notwithstanding, what some would call rather a gross mortal, since he placed no small happiness in good eating and drinking. Having received a present of a dozen of superior champagne, he thought the quantity too small to present to his friends, and therefore reserved the precious nectar for private use. Some time after, when a party was dining with him, he longed for a glass of his choice champagne, but could not easily think of a device for leaving the company. On a sudden he assumed a musing attitude, and striking his forehead with his forefinger, exclaimed, "I have got one tought!" (meaning thought.) The company, imagining that he had gone to commit to paper some divine idea, saw him depart with silent admiration. He returned to his friends, and very soon had a second, third, and fourth "tought." A wag, suspecting the frequency of St. Cecilia's visits, followed Handel to an adjoining room, saw him enter a closet; embrace his beloved champagne, and swallow repeated doses. The discovery communicated infinite mirth to the company, and Handel's "tought" became proverbial.

☞ "Sir, I will make you feel the arrows of my resentment." "Ah, Miss, why should I fear your arrows when you never had a beau!"

A SMART OFFICER.

About six years ago the military spirit of M——— increased something over ninety-nine per cent., if not more; whereas, four new companies were formed. We had "nary one" previous to that time. Among the number was one composed of the sons of the Emerald Isle. The "b'ys" chose for their lieutenant Michael P. Gerald, who was as well posted in military tactics as some of our officers of to-day. Now Mike was very proud of the position he was thereafter to occupy, and had cards struck off with this inscription printed thereon:—Michael P. Gerald, First Lieut. of the M——— Guards.

It came to pass that a friend, not being aware that he belonged to the company, asked him why he did not join the Guards, whereupon he drew forth a card, and said—

"Read that."

"Well, what does that read, Mike?"

"Can't yee's spill? That's 'Michael P. Gerald, First *Lute* of the M——— Guards,'" he exultingly replied.

One day the Guards were to have a street parade, and their captain being sick, the duty of taking them out devolved upon Mike. In the course of the parade, he used the following military phrases:—

"Stand strathe, boys; the Amerakins is looking at yees!"

"Bulge out in the cinter!"

"Step up till yer comrids, men!"

"Boys, sthand back, or I'll sthick ye!"

But the following order took them all down:—

"Turn the koorner, boys, and be quick about it, too!"

When told that such expressions were wrong, he would answer—

"Howld yer tongue! What d'you know about military ticktacktics?"

He has not been made a brigadier-general, but probably knows as much as some that we have in active service.

THE WOOD-CUTTER'S WARNING.

A GERMAN STORY.

During a walk that I once had with the clergyman of Landsdorff and his wife, they told me of a sudden death which had lately taken place in the village.

"It is very awful," I said; "what a thread life hangs upon."

"That was really the case with one of my family in times past," said the clergyman's good wife. "Her life did hang by a thread."

"Tell me how it was," I said.

"It was that story," said the lady, "which caused the inscription you see to be placed over our door-way."

The inscription was as follows:—

"If once we learned why God sends grief and woe,
How great His boundless love we then should know."

I read the lines, and then asked the minister's wife if she would kindly tell me the story.

She thus began:—

"About a hundred years ago my mother's great-aunt, the Countess von Meritz, was living with her two daughters in a castle in Germany.

They were once invited to a wedding, which was to take place by torch-light, according to the old German custom. They did not, accordingly, set out till it was beginning to get dusk. They had to pass on their way through a part of the Black Forest.

"Now it happened that Gertrude, the eldest daughter of the countess, had had given her a wreath of pearls, and she wore them on the evening of the wedding. But it chanced as they entered the forest that a branch of black thorn caught in her hair, and before it could be disentangled the thread broke, and the small seed pearls were scattered far and wide.

"The servants and ladies busied themselves alike in picking up the scattered pearls, when suddenly a wood-cutter came running from the forest, and went up quite out of breath to the countess.

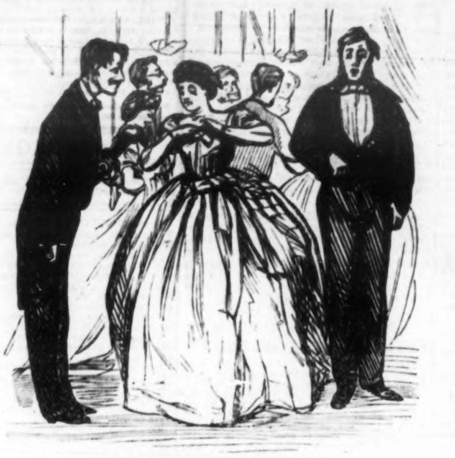
"'Pray go no further, ladies!' he exclaimed; 'when I was cleaving wood just now, I heard two robbers planning how they might waylay your party, rob you, and kill your servants if they made any resistance. The forest is full of these men, and I had the greatest difficulty in getting to you in time. If you had not been later than you expected you would most certainly have fallen into the hands of these robbers.'

"Of course no more was said about going on to the wedding, and the horses' heads were directly turned homewards. On arriving safely at her castle the good mother thanked God who had preserved her and those with her. Nor did she forget to reward the wood-cutter who had warned her in time of her danger. And there were two lessons which she tried to draw for her children from the history of that evening. First, that our life always hangs on as weak a thread as that which held Gertrude's pearls, and that therefore God only keeps us alive; and, secondly, that all our troubles and disappointments are as much sent for our good as the delay in getting to the wedding, which saved the family from the robbers.

"From that time," continued the clergyman's wife, "the lines you read over our door, became the motto of the good countess and her family. And when I married, and my husband had the parsonage repaired, he had inscribed over the entrance:

"'If once we learned why God sends grief and woe,
How great His boundless love we then should know.'"

☞ In a little private conversation after the morning meal, between Cæsar and Brutus, the latter asked the former how many flap jacks he had eaten for breakfast. The imperial Cæsar drew his robe round him and replied, with dignity, "Et tu, Brute."



AWKWARD LITTLE MISTAKE.

AUG.—"I think I am yours for the next waltz, Di?"

DIANA.—"Oh, dear no, Augustus! I'm sure I've danced with all the bores of my acquaintance!" [Pleasant for Mr. Steadyman, who has just finished the "first set."

GOOD NATURE.

FROM BEECHER'S "EYES AND EARS."

If there be one thing for which a man should be more grateful than another, it is the possession of good nature. I do not consider him good tempered who has no temper at all. A man ought to have spirit, strong, earnest, and capable of great indignation. We like to hear a man thunder, once in a while, if it is genuine, and in the right way for a right man. When a noble fellow is brought into contact with mean and little ways, and is tempted by an unscrupulous nature to do unworthy things; or when a great and generous heart perceives the wrong done by lordly strength to shrinking, unprotected weakness: or where a man sees the foul mischiefs that sometimes rise and cover the public welfare like a thick cloud of poisonous vapors—we like to hear a man express himself with outburst and glorious anger. It makes us feel safer to know that there are such men. We respect human nature all the more to know that it is capable of such feelings.

But just these men are best capable of good nature. These are the men upon whom a sweet justice in common things, and a forbearance towards men in all the details of life, and a placable, patient and cheerful mind, sit with peculiar grace.

Some men are much helped to do this by a kind of bravery born with them. Some men are good natured because they are benevolent and always feel in a sunny mood; some, because they have such vigor and robust health that care flies off from them, and they really cannot feel nettled and worried: some, because a sense of character keeps them from all things unbecoming manliness; and some, from an overflow of what may be called in part animal spirits, and in part, also, hopeful and cheerful dispositions. But whatever be the cause or reason, is there anything else that so much blesses a man in human life as this voluntary or involuntary *good nature?* Is there anything else that converts all things so much into enjoyment to him? And then what a glow and light he carries with him to others! Some men come upon you like a cloud passing over the sun. You do not know what ails you, but you feel cold and chilly while they are about, and need an extra handful of coal on the fire whenever they tarry long.

Others rise upon you like daylight. How many times does a cheerful and hopeful physician cure his patient by what he carries in his face, more than by what he has in his medical case! How often does the coming of a happy hearted friend lift you up out of a deep despondency, and before you are aware, inspire you with hope and cheer. What a gift it is to make all men better and happier without knowing it! We don't suppose that flowers know how sweet they are. We have watched them. But as far as we can find out their thoughts, flowers are just as modest as they are beautiful.

These roses before me, salfatine, lamarque, and saffrano, with their geranium leaves, (rose) and carnations have made me happy for a day. Yet they stand huddled together in my pitcher without seeming to know my thoughts of them, or the gracious work which they are doing! And how much more is it to have a disposition that carries with it, involuntarily, sweetness, calmness, courage, hope, and happiness? Yet this is the portion of good nature in a real, large-minded, strong-natured man! When it has made him happy it has scarcely begun its office!

In this world, where there is so much real sorrow, and so much unnecessary grief of fret and worry; where burdens are so heavy, and the way so long; where men stumble in rough paths, and so many push them down rather than help them up; where tears are as common as smiles, and hearts ache so easily, but are poorly fed on higher joys, how grateful ought we to be that God sends along, here and there, a natural heart-singer—a man whose nature is large and luminous, and who, by his very carriage and spontaneous actions, calms, cheers, and helps his fellows. God bless the good-natured for they bless everybody else!

HAUT-BOY.

The harp was the favorite musical instrument, not only of the Irish, but of the Britons and other Northern nations during the middle ages. By the laws of Wales the possession of a harp was one of the three things that were necessary to constitute a gentleman—that is a freeman; and no person could pretend to that title unless he had one, and could play upon it. And to prevent slaves from pretending to be gentlemen, it was expressly forbidden to teach or to permit them to play upon the harp; and none but the King, the King's musician and gentlemen were allowed to have the instrument in their possession. A gentleman's harp was not liable to be seized for debt, because the want of it would have degraded him from his rank, and reduced him to a slave.

LADIES' NAMES.—The Orientals had a pleasing idea of what the names of women ought to be. Sir W. Jones, in "the Institutions of Menu," has this passage:—"The names of women should be agreeable, soft, clear, captivating the fancy, perspicuous, ending in long vowels, resembling words of benediction." Lamb says:—

In Christain World, Mary the garland wears;
Rebecca sweetens on a Hebrew's ear;
Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear;
And the light Gaul by am'rous Ninon swears.
Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines!
What air of fragrance Rosamond throws around!
How like a hymn does sweet Cecilia sound!
Of Marthas and of Abigails, few lines
Have bragged in verse. Of coarsest household stuff
Should homely Joan be fashioned. But can
You Barbara resist, or Marian?
And is not Clara for love excuse enough?
Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess,
These all than Saxon Edith please me less.

SONNET TO YE SKATERS.—The following lines, just at this time, will come home to the fellings of many a tyro in the graceful art of skating:—

Wo to the wight when first he feels
The slippery skates beneath his heels;
Who, tremblingly, tries the dangerous play,
And scratches out a first essay;
Up fly his feet, he feels with dread
The ice has cracked and cracked his head!
A double damage thus we see,
Misfortunes march in company;
Stars twinkle round his aching eyes,
Amazed, he sees new suns arise;
To him celestial wonders ope,
Without the aid of telescope.
With shuffling haste he seeks the shore,
And vows at least to skate no more.

Agricultural.

HIGH FEEDING.

In fattening cattle and sheep, or in keeping milch cows, few farmers appreciate the advantages of high feeding. A large amount of food is required to keep the animal alive, and the milk or flesh and fat which we obtain is derived from the food given *in excess* of this quantity. If a horse will draw a tun, and the empty wagon weighs 15 cwt., we can only take a load of 5 cwt.; but attach another horse and we can then take a load of 25 cwt. In other words, the *effective* power of the two horses is *five times* as much as the one.

It is so in feeding milch cows and in fattening cattle and sheep—it is the few pounds of extra feed that we give which produces the desired milk and fat. To give only enough food to keep the animals in a stationary condition, when the object is to get them fat, is manifestly absurd, and to give them only a *little* more than is necessary, and thus get only a *little* fat, is also very poor economy, when by a few pounds more food we might *double* or *treble* the amount of fat or milk.

We do not mean to be understood as saying that farmers do not let their fattening cattle and sheep have all the food they will eat. This is not the case. They let them have food enough but it is not as nutritious as it should be. *We do not feed enough grain.*

We are aware that this will seem strange doctrine to some of our readers in this vicinity, and in the Eastern states, where grain is now so high, and beef, mutton and pork so low. But in truth, this does not affect the question. Hay is quite as high, relatively, as grain, and if it will pay at all to fatten cattle or sheep, it will pay to feed them well. In fact, it will not pay to feed them in any other way. We do not say that cattle can be fattened here at a profit. We hardly see how such can be the case, at the present price of beef and grain, but it is useless to attempt to obviate the difficulty by stinting them in their food. If high feeding does not pay, poor feeding certainly will not.—*Genesee Farmer.*

CORN AND COB MEAL.—A correspondent of the Wisconsin Farmer says:—"I have found corn and cob meal to be excellent feed for all kinds of stock, if ground fine when perfectly dry, and fed in small quantities in the commencement. If not ground fine, it is apt to produce an irritation of the bowels, and if not dry, it is liable to heat and sour, more so than corn ground with the cob."

We have fed corn meal ground with the cob to working horses, cattle and swine, and have never found that it produced any irritation of the bowels at any time, and we think, moreover, that it is an economical way of feeding. Not that there is any great nutritive value in the cob, but it affords bulk to an article of food, the nutritive properties of which are too concentrated to be fed alone without a loss from imperfect digestion and assimilation. We would feed corn and cob meal to our stock in preference to meal from shelled corn for the same reason that we would give cut feed to our horses and working oxen, or eat potatoes with our own bacon and eggs.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

CHLOROFORM FOR BEES.—We have heard of several cases where chloroform was used for the purpose of stupefying bees, in most of which it did not answer the purpose. A Nova Scotia correspondent of the Maine Farmer seems to have applied it successfully. He says:—"Having had little satisfaction and much trouble in fumigating bees with puff ball, &c., I bethought me to try chloroform, and shall never use anything else in future. I put about ten drops on a bit of rag, pushed under the hive from behind, and in about five minutes the bees were all on the bottom board. In this way I united two small swarms most successfully."

SHEEP KILLED BY DOGS IN OHIO IN 1861.—Secretary Klippart, in the last Ohio State Agricultural Report, gives the following figures upon this subject:—"The number of sheep killed in Ohio by dogs in 1861, was 31,750, the number injured, but not killed, 24,254. The total injury to sheep by dogs during that year amounted to $86,464! The whole number of sheep killed by dogs, for the four years, '58, '59, '60, '61, was 167,406; injured, but not killed, 102,446. The damage amounted to $422,886!"

Useful Receipts.

CUSTARDS.—Custards are improved by putting one table spoonful of flour into one quart of the milk, thinning it by degrees to prevent lumps. As soon as the custard is thick take them out or it will be spoiled with whey. They are nice with fresh fruit, such as strawberries, raspberries or peaches sugared and placed on the top of each.—*Correspondent of Saturday Evening Post.*

CALVES LIVER FRIED AS OYSTERS.—Cut the liver in thinnish slices and about the size of large oysters. Wash and put it into hot water, slightly salted, and let it boil six or eight minutes, then remove from the kettle, drain and fry as oysters.—*Correspondent of Saturday Evening Post.*

RICE CAKES OF A SUPERIOR QUALITY.—Beat the yolks of a dozen eggs, for nearly half an hour, with an egg-beater, mix well with them ten ounces of refined sugar, pulverized, put in half a pound of rice flour, a little orange or lemon water, or brandy, the rinds of two lemons grated, then add the whites of the eggs, well beaten, and stir the whole for fifteen minutes. Put them into a pan and set them into a quick oven for a half an hour. This is a delicious cake, and well worth trying.

BLUEING FOR CLOTHES.—Take one ounce of soft Prussian blue, powder it and put it in a bottle with one quart of clear rain water, and add one quarter ounce of oxalic acid. A teaspoonful is sufficient for a large washing.

CHEAP MODE OF FRAMING SMALL PICTURES.—First procure a glass of the required size, then a card of bristol board (white) the same size of glass, to which glue or paste the picture after neatly cutting out. Next paste a sheet of strong paper, about an inch larger than the glass, on the back of the card, folding the edges neatly over on the glass, thereby holding glass and picture together. Procure black glazed paper and bind the edge, and trim with a strip of gilded paper inside the black edge. This makes a very pretty and cheap frame for portraits, etc. To hang it, attach loops or rings on the back of the frame.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—Wash the hands, and, without using the towel, apply a small quantity of honey and rub in well. Use once a day; and it will make the hands very soft, and cure as well as prevent chapped hands.

Apply it in the same manner to a cow's teats.

CHURNING IN WINTER.—Keep the cream where it will not freeze. Let it be scalded before putting in the churn, so that it will be heated through to a temperature of 65 to 70 degrees, and there will not be much difficulty in making the butter come. We see stated that if a little rennet is added to the cream just before churning, it will help materially. We think this quite likely as it would help to generate lactic acid. But do not put in too much.—*Exchange.*

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 25, 29, 23, 14, 19, is a fruit eaten a great deal in summer.
My 28, 32, 10, 17, 8, 31, is a name given to a parent.
My 21, 17, 26, 8, 9, is worn by all persons.
My 24, 5, 11, 23, is a large range of mountains in Europe.
My 17, 29, 12, 15, 22, is both a sur and Christian name.
My 16, 18, 4, 20, is a name given to a parent.
My 26, 27, is a preposition.
My 4, 33, 11, 19, 6, is a musical instrument.
My 28, 3, 1, 15, 26, 33, 7, is a city in the United States.
My 27, 26, 13, 22, 8, 31, is a name given to a parent.
My 5, 20, 30, 34, 20, 12, is an article used by some school teachers.

My whole is the name of a large asylum in Michigan. J. E. D.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 14, 30, 5, 26, 10, is the name of a brave General.
My 32, 24, 18, 25, 12, is a common article of furniture.
My 11, 25, 20, 2, is an article of food.
My 1, 3, 15, 25, 12, 6, is employed in a bank.
My 15, 13, 33, 33, 3, 6, is frequently used for the wounded.
My 19, 24, 30, 11, 33, is a sailing vessel.
My 17, 31, 4, 16, is a part of my 18, 31, 5, 32.
My 23, 24, 10, 12, 28, is one of the elements.
My 22, 21, 29, 27, we do every morning, if we are well.
My 9, 8, 28, 7, is a means of crossing streams.
My 32, 3, 31, 1, 11, is a part of the body.
My 4, 31, 28, 7, is a title of nobility.

My whole is a poem, and the author's name.
C. H.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The first word a baby usually learns to say.
A shoemaker's tool.
A man famed for his patience.
An interjection and a pronoun.
A part of a sleigh.
A piece of ordnance.
Mistakes.
An adverb of time and a pronoun.
A boy's nickname.
An adjective meaning unfrequent.

The initials and finals form the name and title of a man on whom, in a great degree, the preservation of our county depends. UTOPIA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is a blemish.
My 2nd is a large collection of houses.
My 3rd is a preposition.
My 4th is what small coins are sometimes called.

My whole is a plague now prevailing throughout the land. JR.

Prompton, Pa.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a certain room to be plastered: the end walls of which contain each 308 square feet, the side walls each 363 square feet, and the ceiling contains 924 square feet. What is the true length, breadth and height of the room?

DELTA.

☞ An answer is requested.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a plank 27 feet long, 1 foot wide, and 3 inches thick. Out of this plank I wish to construct a cubical box. On the supposition that I waste none of the plank, what will be the height of the box, and how much water will it contain?

CAPT. LE BLEHESTER.

☞ An answer is requested.

QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How many cubic inches are contained in a cube that may be inscribed in a sphere whose diameter is exactly 60 inches?

FREDERICK K. PLOYER.

Newville, Cumberland Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Y. Knome.
B. A. Birt.
The Panel.
R. Liquers.
Eat no pel.
Fare Fig.
Braze.
Pine go.

J. E. D.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a trick of legerdemain like declining an offer of marriage? Ans.—Because it is a sleight-of-hand.

☞ Why is the sun like a good loaf? Ans.—Because it's light when it rises.

☞ When is a fowl's neck like a bell? Ans.—When it's rung for dinner.

☞ What part of a fish weighs the most? Ans.—The scales.

☞ Which is the richest child in the world? Rothschild.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—"As the door turneth upon its hinges, so doth the slothful upon his bed." RIDDLE.—Pennsylvania. RIDDLE.—Tried, Tired, Ire, Red.

☞ "Well, Charles, how do you and the widow progress? and are you quite sure she is as rich as given out?" "Why, Harry, when she reads a novel and wishes to stop, she puts a folded new five between the leaves to guide her where to begin again."

☞ Once give your mind up to suspicion and fear, and there will be sure to be found food enough for it. In the stillest night the air is filled with sounds for the ear that is resolved to listen.